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THE JERUSALEM POST

# TRADITIONAL DILEMMA







# FAST FORWARD

OUT THERE

**Ten minutes later, as 10 years earlier, he shot me right between the eyes**

By Haim Chertok

Recalling from experience how, if the entire business were not consummated by noon, I would have to haul myself up from the Negev on yet another day, I strained to remember just where the photo studio was located.

It was hopeless, and yet as soon as I touched ground where Ben-Yehuda picks up from Allenby, legs steered me instantly to the same door I'd wandered through on the morning of April 24, 1985. And just how did weak-kneed memory suddenly metamorphose into marathon man? Elementary: the date of issue of my superannuated passport.

A few spaces after the seaward bend of Allenby, I entered the sepia-tinted premises. They were

still hedecked with larger-than-life, black-and-white studies of Moshe Dayan, Golda Meir and Menachem Begin, as well as street and beach scenes of Old Tel Aviv and early kibbutz life. As far as I could determine, in the 119 months since my last visit, not a single photo portrait had been displaced or disturbed.

When I requested two photos for an American passport, a woman courteously asked me to wait as a man rang someone on the telephone. Redux 1985. Ten minutes later, as 10 years earlier, a man, surely their son, appeared. Had I passed through a looking glass of immutability? I was ushered to the back of the studio where, upon adjusting my collar, the tilt of my head, the thrust of my chin and calibrations on antiquated-looking equipment, the man shot me right between the eyes. I forked over a 20 and, suddenly engulfed by sunlight, straining for a glimpse of that star-spangled cloth, was too preoccupied

to muse how or why rerun had uncannily slipped into gear. Sure enough, once past Hayarkon's incandescently sleazy zone, the familiar banner unfurled ahead on the left.



The last time an earlier version of myself had approached fletive America-on-the-Med, a lengthy queue of ruly uni-citizens, each

and all patently prepared to abide for the duration, snaked into the street. Dual-citizens like myself got waved through a revolving door and deposited in a cul-de-sac where, before depressing a button to grant me ingress, a smart-suited US Marine checked out my expression (smart-ass) and bona fides (product of Bronx, USA).

No hobgoblins in my attic, man: Here I live, but I have never ceased to file an annual 1040 return or quadrennially vote for Democratic losers.

I passed into an outer chamber nearly filled with fellow privileged characters and slid a form beneath a barred window. After a lengthy wait for my number to be paged, and a mad dash back to Allenby to pose for forgotten photos, I was admitted into the inner chamber lorded over by an officious, wavy-haired, curiously accented functionary who swiveled among phones and young clerks. The objective: to renovate a little blue booklet with

pages adorned by the great American seal.

It had seen me through aliya 10 years before and, I fondly fancied, would be handled with awe by my Jewish grandchildren, if not great-grandchildren. Take that, you Great Neckers, Teaneckers, Stiffneckers. After a three-hour stall on Med Avenue, I finally tossed doubles: "Either shekels or greenbacks, no checks please."

But not this decade around. Outgizzagging cabs, I navigated the sidewalk on the beach side of Hayarkon, which is now a construction zone. I made it unscathed to a side entrance. Upon courteously checking me out, a civilian bestowed me with a form and number 21, then bid me enter an ample chamber that was serviced by two access windows.

The electronic pager listed 19. Zoicks! Barely time to jot my name before, "Thank you, pay at the next window: You'll receive them both in the mail within two weeks." Over and delivered out into sunlight in less than 20 minutes.

A fortnight later the expired passport, pages documenting 10 years of long-planned vacations, impulsive jaunts and emergencies, lies on my desk. Top and bottom, front and rear, its covers had been punched. Within CANCELED.

Nearby sits its successor: my seven-digit serial number (preceded by 2) embossed in pinholes across the front cover and the first six pages of my old passport have been replaced by nine Z-less interior numerals. In place of pages underscored by a background of American shields, virginal passport features two sheets backed by tarty red, white and blue hexagons followed by 22 pages of decorative official seals of the 50 states.

Whereas the modus operandi has been rationalized, its aci polished, snappy Hayarkon serves up much the same product on a seeded bun. But from crusty Allenby, where the sun stands still, flickers the shadow of mortality. Vintage '85: a black-and-white triangular mug, dark beard, wide brows, sorta youthful. The pastelized '95 model? True the hairline has receded only marginally, but the brow has creased and the beard is nearly bleached of vitality.

The celluloid artifacts from the old curiosity shop on Allenby cut to the bone. I was that man, and now I am he. Selah. In "Burnt Norton" sad Eliot posits that time stalled is unredeemed, but it ain't necessarily so. If come '05 I have weathered another decade's round of intercontinental jaunts may my passport gain me entry one more time through the eye of time's needle to that changeless feast of milk and honey on Allenby.

Whereupon, since Jerusalem traffic snarls are likely only to have worsened, a frantic race to reach by noon the outer gate of the handsome, new ambassadorial compound is certain to ensue. As for that hoary site on whorlish Hayarkon, it will likely be fronted by garish golden yellow arches.

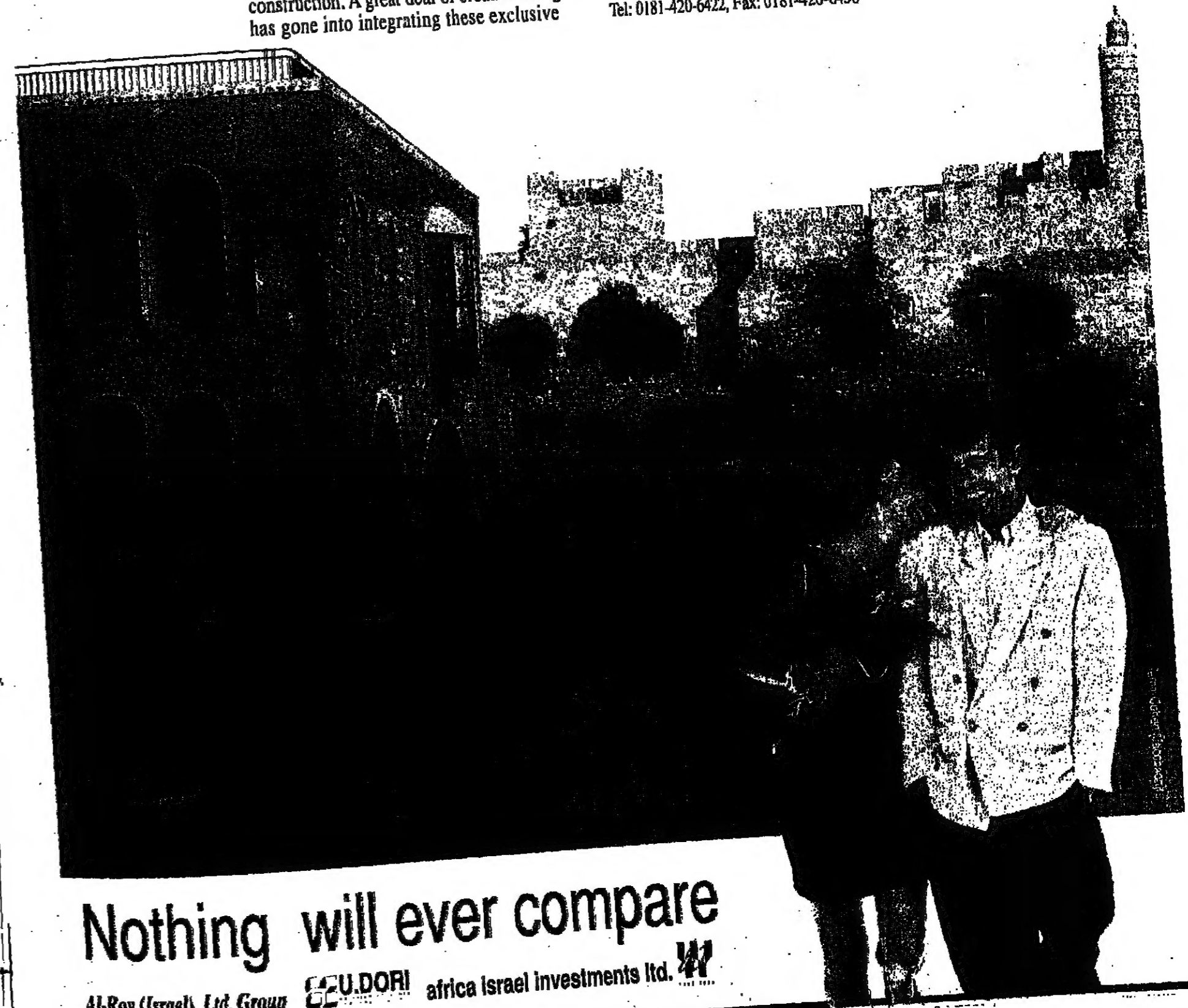
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### GUARANTEED PLAY NON-SCIENTIFIC

## Mivchan America'i!

by G.H. Freedman

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE PHRASE ABU-YOYO?

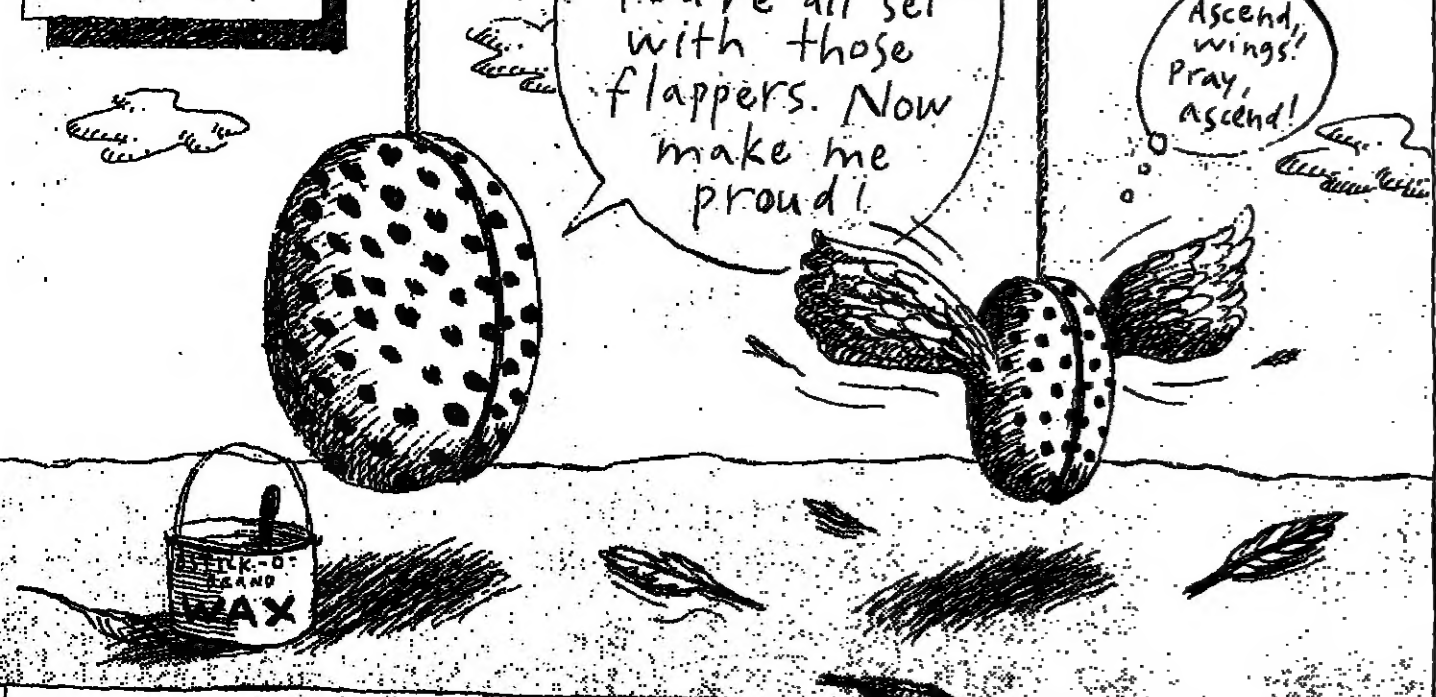
A. Literally "Father of yoyo," hence, a master in the art of yoyo-ification

B. Literally "Father of yoyo," hence, a piggyback ride. (Hay, go know...)

C. Literally "Father of yoyo," hence, the famous toy shop in Jaffa which features you guessed it, yoyos!

D. Literally, "a finely manicured summer lawn," hence, hedge clippers

IS IT A MASTER YO-YO-IST?



ABU-YOYO

is B: a piggy back ride. No, that's not a misprint. I have a friend who, from time to time, accuses me (unjustly) of making some of these words up, but I assure you that to go abu-yoyo is to ride in high style on someone else's back



# The shuls are alive with the sound of music

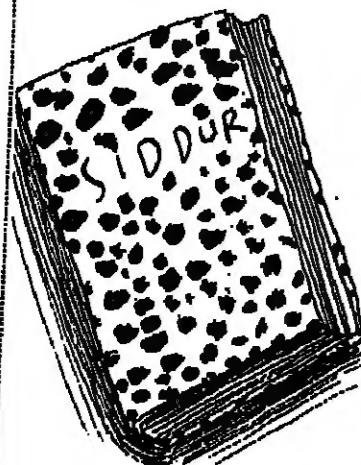
By Carl Schrag

Every regular worshiper at Jerusalem's largest house of worship knows the feeling: on Saturday morning after a particularly lively round of Shabbat songs around the dinner table the previous night, you can't help but be tempted to forgo your regular seat at the Jerusalem Great Synagogue and pop into a tiny neighborhood shul instead.

What's the difference? The Great Synagogue turns each prayer into a production, with the emphasis on beautiful, heartfelt music. At the shul, speed is of the essence. They start later, they finish earlier, and you get home to your Shabbat lunch faster. Some people call them "cheetah minyans," because the prayers are recited at leopard-like speed.

The logic is understandable, even if it's not the greatest thing for the furthering of fine ritual music. On the face of it, Naftali Herstik, who as the cantor at the Jerusalem Great Synagogue has built a career on glorifying Jewish liturgical music, might seem like a natural enemy of those hurry-up let's-eat houses of worship, but he

offers a sly smile and lets me in on a secret. "Sometimes when I'm not on duty, I go to one of the cheetah minyans," he says. "It enables me to get up later. I'm not against these minyans," he adds, on a more serious note, "but sometimes in the interest of



speed, they forget why they are there. They don't have time to think about the text."

Joking aside, Herstik, who comes from a 400-year line of cantors, says he is pained by the fact that many of the traditional tunes which Jews have used for hundreds of years are being lost in the interest of getting a few extra

winks or getting lunch on the table a bit faster. He also laments what he terms "Yankee Doodle" tunes and "hassidic" tunes that may be very nice but are not suitable in front of the ark.

If it's any consolation, Herstik understands that this battle against corrupting influence on prayer is not new. He notes that one of the greatest cantors of the 20th century, Zavel Kwartin, faced a similar battle in his Budapest synagogue.

"He came with his grand cantorial style, and they wanted something more suited to opera halls and concert halls," Herstik says. "The leaders of the community felt that Kwartin was bringing the shitebel into their midst."

Herstik finds inspiration in the story of Kwartin's confrontation with the wealthy men who had hired him in Budapest. It didn't take long, he says, for the cantor's beautiful voice and grand style to win over thousands of Jews in the community. The synagogue's huge sanctuary, which had long been almost empty on Saturday mornings, suddenly was filled. Kwartin had succeeded in attracting crowds who wanted more than a cheetah minyan.

He is particularly excited about a project in which he'll participate in August: a reenactment of Kwartin's famed cantorial concert in David's Tower in Jerusalem.

Seventy years ago, Kwartin visited Eretz Yisrael and gave a concert near Jaffa Gate, which has gone down in history as an exquisite ode to ritual music. More than 3,000 people crowded the area around the Tower of David and atop the surrounding walls. Kwartin's concert won rave reviews in the local press and Herstik hopes the reenactment, scheduled for August 22 with cantors from around the world participating, will enjoy similar success.

HERSTIK SHARES more with Kwartin than a deep love for ritual music and the ability to make it beautiful. Like Kwartin, who died in 1953, Herstik also pursues a business career to ensure his ability to put food on the table for his wife and five children.

Kwartin, he says, invested in real estate, and through shrewd steps acquired ownership of several streets in Budapest. Herstik's own decision to pursue a

business career came at his father's insistence.

"After I completed my high-school matriculation, my father told me he believed I would be one of the great cantors of the next generation," Herstik recounts. "Nevertheless, he said I should learn another profession, so no gabbai would ever feel that I breathe only through his nostrils."

The elder Herstik had merged his own cantorial career with hard work in the textile business. His son opted to study economics. At various times, he has managed insurance and jewelry companies. Today, he invests in real estate. "I try to use my brains and other people's money," he says.

When he isn't busy doing deals or leading religious services, Herstik can often be found in his home in the capital's Rehavia neighborhood. Neighbors know the family by the constant singing emanating from the home. "We all sing," he says.

## SAVE WATER, SHOWER WITH A FRIEND

Do you have a bathtub or shower and if so, do you share it with another family?

Question from the Census of Population and Housing, The Jerusalem Post, June 16, 1972



Naftali Herstik: My father told me he believed I would be one of the great cantors of the next generation.

## SCENE AND HEARD

### How to get service with a smile at the bank

By Allison Kaplan Sommer

We're supposed to be one of those security-conscious countries, right? All that checking of identification, examination of our handbags, the little quiz we go through every time we wait to get onto an airplane. (Does anyone out there admit that someone did give him a package to deliver to somebody else or that he didn't pack his suitcase himself?)

Although we may take security seriously when it comes to protecting people, protecting money in the bank is another story.

For the past few weeks, a day without a successful bank robbery taking place somewhere has been rare indeed. And it's not just the number of robberies that's striking, but that everyone who tries seems to get away with it. Even the thieves who targeted a Netanya bank right across the street from a police station managed a clean getaway with time to spare.

Amazing. One would have thought that preventive measures would have been taken after Ronnie Leibovitz, the infamous motorcycle bandit of the 1980s, made a laughingstock of bank security by breezing into bank after bank and calmly robbing them. Aren't our bank fees high enough to justify paying a security guard or two?

And even if robberies are impossible to prevent, perhaps a hidden video camera to provide a

due to the identities of the thieves just might come in handy. I must admit, I have a secret desire to be in a bank the next time it is held up. It would be a novel sight: a bank clerk handing money to someone standing on the



other side of the counter quickly.

Come to think of it, it might even be worth robbing a bank just to know what it is like to walk into my local branch, not wait 20 minutes just to be told I'm on the wrong line, not be sent to another clerk, and not fume while the next clerk wraps up a phone call to her boyfriend or finishes his cigarette and his chat with a buddy about last night's basketball game.

What a concept. Simply to walk up to the counter and make a quick withdrawal with no muss, no fuss, no bureaucracy. Maybe I'd even hold up my weapon and force the clerk to tell me, "It's been a pleasure to serve you. Have a nice day."

And what is there to worry about? Getting caught? Naahhhh.



THE SELECT UNIT

To the Prime Minister and Defence Minister, to the Minister of Labor and Social Affairs, to the IDF, to the Soldiers' Welfare Society, to the Israel Contractors and Builders Association, to the Building Workers' Union, and to all those involved in the Fund for the Encouragement and Advancement of the Building Trade - for participating in the project for training soldiers for the building trade - for the courageous decision, immense assistance and contribution to the success of the project and to safeguarding the future of demobilized soldiers for all these and future projects:

thank you

Druse religious community Established early 11th century as a breakaway from Islam

Origin of religion Founded by chief Hamzah ibn Ali ibn Hamid and his subordinate Darazi, from which name the term Druse is derived

Number of Druse living in Israel About 70,000

In Syria About 600,000

In Lebanon About 300,000

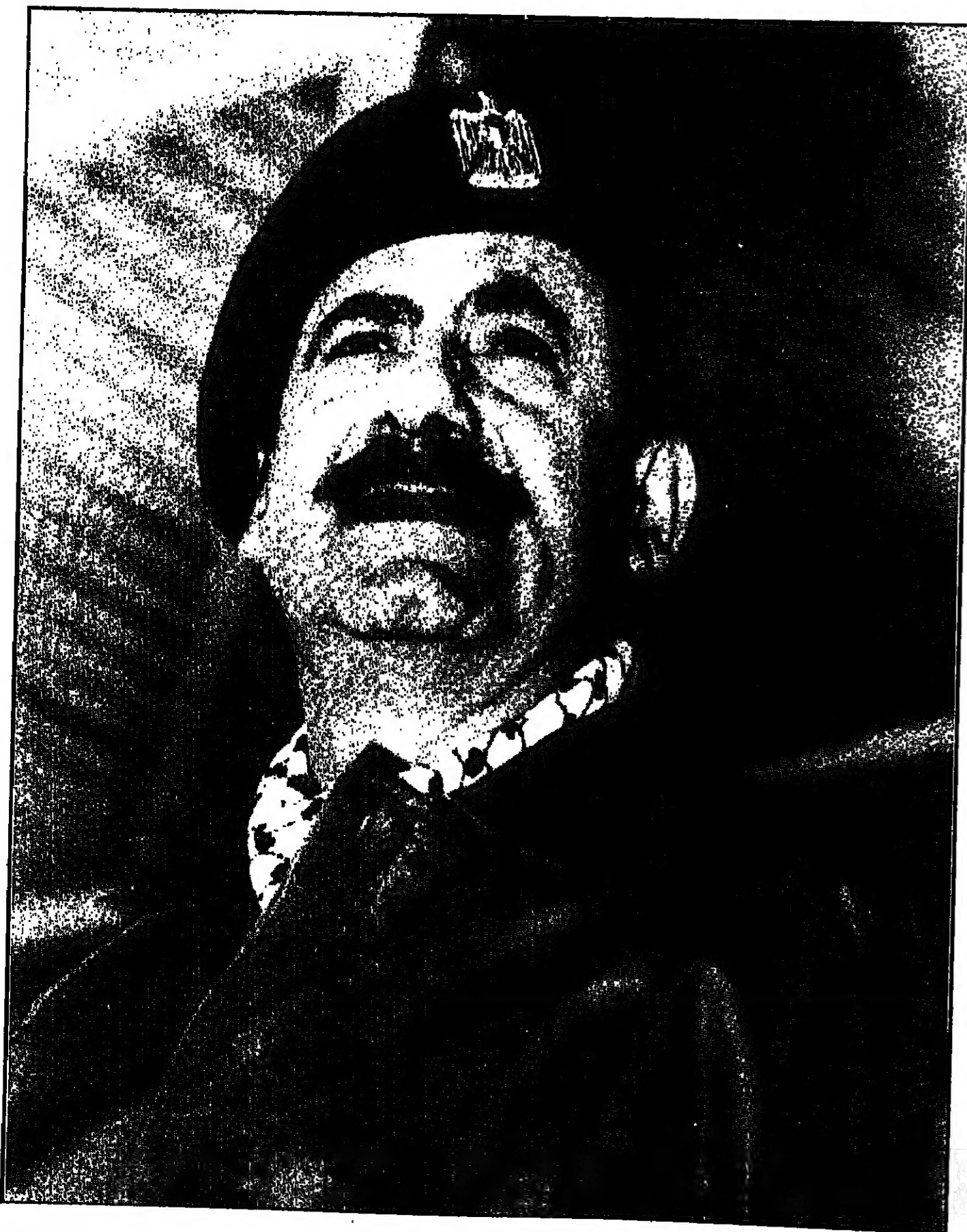
Druse allowed to serve in IDF 1955

Compiled by Kelly Hartog

Courtesy of the Fund for the Encouragement and Development of the Building Trade.



# A LONG WAIT



Former head of PLO counterintelligence  
Abu Zaim wants Yasser Arafat's  
permission to return to the territories.

By Steve Rodan

(Above) Abu Zaim:  
"I am Fatah. Fatah is not a jacket  
that you can take from somebody  
and give to somebody else."

Today, the 57-year-old Abu Zaim waits in his Amman living room for an invitation from Arafat to come to the territories and take over Palestinian security — a pledge Arafat made when he visited the Jordanian capital in February and which he repeated last month. Abu Zaim's patience is running out.

"I want permission [to return] from Arafat," he says, "but I will not wait forever."

While he is waiting, Abu Zaim has been hard at work. He sent his second son, Majid, to Ramallah to meet potential recruits to his father's political movement. Slogans proclaiming "Long Live Abu Zaim" have already appeared in Ramallah. The word is that Abu Zaim will impose law and order in the territories and prevent a Palestinian split with Jordan.

Such rhetoric might not match that of dyed-in-the-wool Palestinian revolutionaries, but Abu Zaim says he can match credentials with any of them.

"I am Fatah," he says. "Fatah is not a jacket that you can take from somebody and give to somebody else. I was 25 years in Fatah."

As Abu Zaim recalls it, Arafat's pledges were clear: Atallah would be named as the inspector-general of Palestinian security forces, which would include police and counter-intelligence officers. He would be responsible for coordinating the nine known security services now operating in Gaza and the territories. Some of the security services would be eliminated.

"I can't do things in the field of education, medicine or agriculture," he says. "I was a combatant. I am an officer. I am the only person who can organize Palestinian society — how security is to operate."

If Abu Zaim is appointed to the post, the biggest loser would be Jibril Rajoub, head of Palestinian Preventive Security in Jericho, which has become the secret police in the territories. Rajoub has angered Israel by his refusal to fight terrorism, and Palestinians, including Arafat, by his brutal tactics and his high profile. During the last few weeks, Prime Minister Rabin has pointedly kept Rajoub out of his meetings with several Palestinian security chiefs.

So far, Arafat's words have remained just that. Abu Zaim was supposed to have crossed into the territories after March 16. But the formal permit from the Palestinian Authority never arrived. Israeli military sources say they have long ago given their approval.

"I don't know anything about this," says Nabli Abu Rudineh, a PA spokesman. "I really can't comment."

Abu Zaim's aides recall how they would ask Jamil Tarifi, head of the PA delegation negotiating with Israel on civilian affairs, for the approval every day. "Tarifi kept saying 'It's on the way. It's on the way,'" an aide says. "Finally, one day, Tarifi said he was the not the person to speak to and we should deal with Arafat's aide [Ramzi Khoury] directly."

Despite repeated efforts, Khoury was not available for comment.

Abu Zaim, who says he does not want to speculate on the reason for the delay, has not been taken by surprise. Like many other former PLO officials, he has been familiar with Arafat's tactics of saying one thing and doing the opposite.

The difference is that Abu Zaim has been more outspoken than the rest. For years, until their recent reconciliation, he has deplored what he termed Arafat's duplicity, his corrupt behavior and his insistence on maintaining personal control of power and money. Indeed, Arafat's critics say Abu Zaim's charges, raised during the late 1980s and early 1990s, cast doubt on the PLO chief's claims that his organization is bankrupt.

Today, Abu Zaim is no fan of the Palestinian Authority, although he would like to join it. "What's happening in Gaza today is chaos," he says. "Everyone sees it. Nobody knows what to do. Nobody knows what his job is."

He sits in his huge living room in Amman puffing on a cigar. The walls are covered with mirrors, and love seats and couches line the perimeter of the room. An aide brings several photo albums. "I have hundreds of them," he says. "Tell me what period you want."

Abu Zaim slowly leafs through the album. He is in uniform addressing thousands of members of his alternative Fatah organization in Amman. He is greeting his supporters in a Palestinian refugee camp. He is welcoming visitors in his office. There are no pictures of his two wives, one in Amman and one in Cairo, or of his eight children.

He came from Beit Surik west of Ramallah, an area dominated by clans in which he still has supporters. In the 1960s, the young Atallah Atallah joined the Jordanian army and rose to the rank of junior officer.

Israeli sources say Abu Zaim defected to Fatah in 1969 and was promoted to a senior post in military intelligence. By the mid-1970s, he became head of Jihaz al-Razd, or PLO counterintelligence, succeeding Ali Hassan Salameh, who left to lead Arafat's praetorian guard, Force 17.

According to some reports, Israeli and Western intelligence agencies were impressed with Abu Zaim. The department was feared within the PLO because it was brutal and effective. Western intelligence sources say the main aims of Jihaz were to prevent plots against Arafat.

"They [Abu Zaim's agency] were doing a good job," a senior Israeli counterintelligence official is quoted as saying in the 1990 book *Inside the PLO* by Neil C. Livingstone and David Halevy. "They knew a great deal and came up with the right conclusions."

Abu Zaim hints that he differed from many of the armed officers in the PLO. "I never attacked civilians," he says.

Menahem Klein, a researcher on the PLO at Bar-Ilan University's BESA Center for Strategic Studies, agrees. "I don't remember that he was into such things as terrorism," he says. "His job was gathering military information on Israel when the PLO was in Lebanon in the 1970s and early 1980s."

Criticism of Abu Zaim within the PLO began soon after Operation Peace for Galilee erupted in June 1982. He was accused of not properly assessing Israeli military strength, which led to IDF troops easily overrunning PLO positions in south Lebanon.

By 1984, Abu Zaim was hardly seen around Fatah. At that point, his enemies began to come out of the woodwork, accusing him of everything from cowardice to embezzlement to rape.

In 1986, Abu Zaim reappeared in Jordan and took revenge. With the help of Jordanian authorities upset at Arafat for violating King Hussein's agreement to coordinate security affairs in the territories, Abu Zaim revolted and occupied more than a dozen Fatah offices in Amman. Before long, Palestinian sources recall, he was sending money to the territories in an effort to build support. The beneficiaries were concentrated in the territories' rural areas, where support for Jordan was strongest.

At that point, he used his years in intelligence to release embarrassing details about Arafat. Backed by documents, he accused the PLO chief of spending money like water in needless travels around the Middle East. From mid-1982 to mid-1983, Abu Zaim estimated that the PLO spent \$7.2 million on air travel and accommodations, most of it for Arafat. Additional hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent by Arafat's chief aides for their children's weddings.

Abu Zaim also accused Arafat of playing Arab banker with Palestinian money. He said Arafat transferred as much as \$200 million to Tunisian banks in return for that government allowing the PLO to move from Beirut to Tunis in 1982. In 1986, Arafat was said to have provided Iraq with \$128 million from his secret fund as payment for hosting clandestine PLO units.

According to Abu Zaim, in the mid-1980s, Arafat loaned \$300 million to India, \$100 million to North Yemen and \$200 million to the Christian Phalangists.

The charges made nearly a decade ago still reverberate today. In Washington, a team of congressional investigators from the General Accounting Office is examining PLO finances to determine whether Arafat's plea for hundreds of millions of dollars of US aid is justified.

Abu Zaim, however, has not only protested Arafat's fiscal policies. By the late 1980s, he was also calling on Arafat to change his politics. He advocated that the PLO, in coordination with Jordan, move toward a genuine peace with Israel.

"My argument with Abu Amar [Arafat's nom de guerre] was never personal," Abu Zaim recalls. "We argued about peace. Everything must have an end. You need to lead the people... War as an aim is not an aim. Peace is honorable. It is right. It is the basis of logic and reality."

By the time Israel and the PLO agreed to the Declaration of Principles on Palestinian self-rule in September 1993, Abu Zaim had declared that his feud with Arafat was over. "I was a supporter of the peace process before Arafat. I was with the Oslo agreements. I am for a strong Palestinian Authority, an active PA, one which can stop the chaos now in Gaza."

Abu Zaim says the lack of law and order is responsible for the miserable state of the

territories, Jibril Rajoub, has called him a traitor and has privately warned that he would be killed. Rajoub says Abu Zaim "is part of the dirty past. He has no place among us."

But both Israeli and Palestinian security sources say Rajoub appears to be on his way out. He no longer has control over his lieutenants. Israeli security forces, particularly police, have been harassing and occasionally arresting Rajoub's men in the territories.

"[Rajoub] has tried to spread his wings, but they have been clipped by both the PA and the IDF," says IDF Deputy Chief of Staff Maj.-Gen. Matan Vilnai. "The situation today is different from the days when Rajoub saw himself as king of Judea and Samaria."

Abu Zaim does not want to be drawn into a public argument with Rajoub. After considerable prodding, he says, "I see Jibril Rajoub as a security officer responsible to Yasser Arafat — not more, not less. If he goes beyond this, he will be rebelling against Arafat's authority. He's not a revolutionary. He's a security officer. Let Arafat deal with him."

Abu Zaim's aides are contemptuous of his rival. "Rajoub says he will kill Abu Zaim," one aide says. "We will kill him. Rajoub says he has 2,000 people. We can recruit 5,000 people."

Palestinian sources in Amman say Abu Zaim has been busy organizing his

'This peace has to be achieved  
by persuasion.  
Then, there will be coexistence.  
If it's based on fear,  
then it can't last.'

Palestinians in every sphere. Investors won't bring their money into chaotic Gaza; Israel is a year behind in implementing the DOP because the PA can't control terrorism; the failure to stop Hamas and Islamic Jihad has prompted the painful closure of the territories and widespread unemployment.

"The Palestinian leadership and Israel have to share the responsibility for the creation of Hamas," he says.

Abu Zaim believes that he is the man who can bring order to the PA. He has thought hard and long on reorganizing the Palestinian security network.

The reorganization, he says, will take two years. He advocates two or three groups — a civilian police force, a national security agency and an intelligence service — rather than the existing nine.

"We need a coordinator for all of these forces," he says. "Arafat would be the commander. There would be meetings to coordinate and divide responsibility. Everything... would be written."

He would have many people replaced. He does not want to see former infitda activists in security posts. Rather, he would prefer to use trained professionals who served in similar positions in the past. Currently, few of the police commanders in the PA have such qualifications.

The current situation, he says, is that there is no law and no order. "If there is security, all of the world will want to come to invest here," he says. "How can you expect anyone to invest now in all this chaos? How can you invest when the police don't know what to do... If there was a determined leadership, things would proceed. When there is order, everyone benefits."

The meetings between Arafat and Abu Zaim over the latter's proposed security post have ruffled feathers in the territories. The most vocal of Abu Zaim's poten-

forces. For years, his organization in Jordan has convened gatherings of thousands of people. Now, many of his Palestinian supporters in Jordan are working to get their relatives in the territories to work for Abu Zaim.

The plan sounds grandiose. "What he plans is to recruit up to 16,000 people," says a source close to PLO intelligence circles. "Many of them were aligned either with Jordan or Israel. They hate Rajoub and want a new order."

Palestinian sources in Amman say Abu Zaim will approach many of Rajoub's own people. They express confidence that many of them will join Abu Zaim if he can top their salary, something the sources say will be easy. Abu Zaim is also being helped by many embittered former aides of Arafat, who have been left out of the PA. Many of them are looking to return to the territories and believe an alliance with Abu Zaim will ensure that they can carry out their political activities.

As for sources of finance, Palestinians in the territories believe much of the backing is coming from Jordan and is part of the kingdom's quiet quest for influence. Abu Zaim's aides say Jordan has been careful not to become involved in Palestinian politics. They claim that funding is put up by Palestinians who want to see true reform in the PA.

Israeli sources are uncertain whether Abu Zaim can pull it off. A senior military official says Abu Zaim's efforts to recruit support has not worked. "Rajoub has plenty of family in Judea and Samaria," he says. "Abu Zaim has been cut off from the territories for decades."

Klein of Bar-Ilan's BESA Center does not believe that Arafat is serious about replacing Rajoub. He recalls how, in the early 1990s, Arafat promised that the PLO envoy to Tunis, Hakim Balawi, would become

head of security services in the new PA.

Balawi arrived in Gaza and found himself completely out of the loop. The head of PA security in Gaza, Mohammed Dahlan, refused to cooperate with him. Balawi returned quietly to Tunis. "If I was Abu Zaim I would not build a lot on the promises of Arafat," Klein says. "Abu Zaim is a tool for Arafat to restrain Rajoub."

"Even if Arafat fulfills his promise, then he will find other wolves waiting to pounce. There are many security apparatuses and they are operated like fiefdoms. None of them will take orders from above."

Despite their enmity, in general Abu Zaim goes along with Rajoub's methods of dealing with terrorism. The former intelligence chief would embark immediately on seizing all unlicensed weapons in Gaza. But Abu Zaim does not advocate an all-out offensive against Hamas and Islamic Jihad. Like Rajoub and Arafat, Abu Zaim believes that dialogue is far more effective.

He compares the current rivalry between the PLO and Hamas to that of David Ben-Gurion and Menachem Begin on the eve of Israel's independence. Their argument was bitter but it did not lead to civil war. Abu Zaim has studied Ben-Gurion's decision to sink the Irgun ship *Altalena*.

"The PA and Israel have to create the conditions whereby people will see that terrorism isn't the answer," he says. "If you spread democracy, you don't need violence. To oppress or jail the Islamic opposition is not the solution. This only helps their interests. The revolution is like a fish. It needs water. The water is the people. Without the people, there is no revolution."

"The responsibility lies with the leadership. It has given up on the people. This is the ABC of the matter. Not all the people are Hamas and Jihad. I would work with the people, not with the organizers. I would explain to people why they should support Oslo. The Palestinian leadership itself is not united on why Oslo is necessary."

"You signed an accord not with a state, but with an organization, the strongest of them. But it is not a Palestinian state."

But Israeli leaders believed that an accord with the PLO was the key to ending the Palestinian conflict. Was this a mistake?

Abu Zaim's answer is equivocal. "What you said is not correct or incorrect," he says. "The PLO is not a state. It doesn't have the capability yet. Arafat is the strongest of people. He has legitimacy. Take Lebanon. It is a state. But it is weak. It can't control Hizbullah or the South Lebanese Army. I can have weapons. I can have supporters. But if I don't have legitimacy I am not an authority."

As Abu Zaim sees it, the PA must mature. Arafat must align himself with Israel and Jordan to ensure economic and political stability. Factionalism within the authority must end. Accountability must be the key. Peace, he says, must bring a better life, not simply a different ruler.

"I want to give the people a dream," he says. "The method is respect and hope for the people. We have to convince the people that full peace is vital. It can't be based on terror or fear. This peace has to be achieved by persuasion. Then the people will support it with all their heart. Then, there will be coexistence. If it's based on fear, then it can't last."

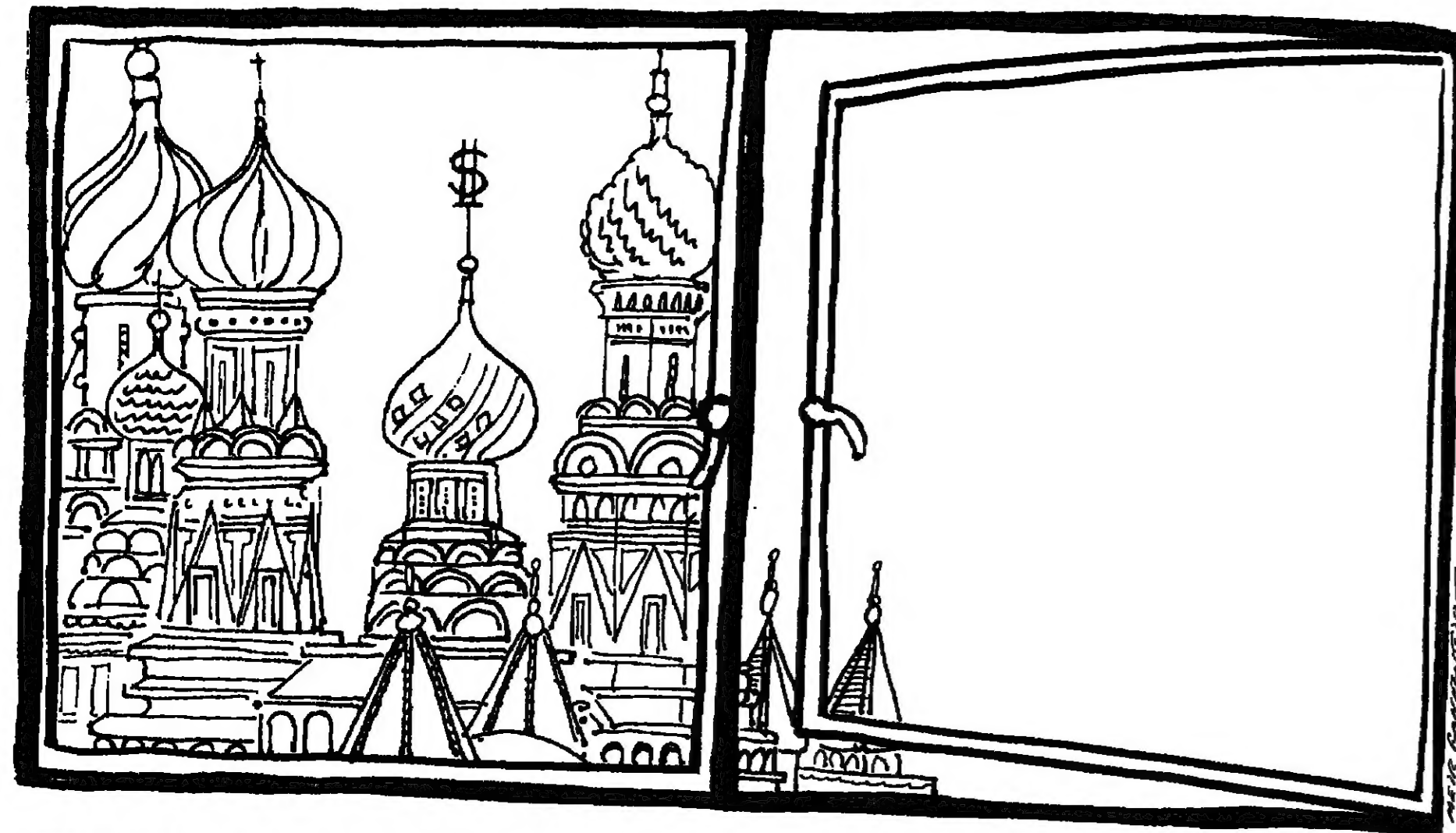
Abu Zaim and Arafat last spoke during Arafat's visit to Amman late last month. They agreed that Abu Zaim would enter the territories after the start of the IDF's redeployment.

Privately, Abu Zaim is skeptical. He doubts whether Israel will have the confidence in Palestinian security to start withdrawing from Arab towns and cities. He does not place much stock in the hope that Palestinian elections alone will change anything.

He is certain of his arrival in Ramallah. He suggests that his move will be made regardless of whether Arafat's offer is genuine. "I will certainly come this year," he says. "Maybe in the next two months. I will enter at the proper time."

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# THE CLOSING WINDOW

The glitter of economic opportunity in Russia may curb immigration from there within two years, experts say.

By Abraham Rabinovich

Introduced as a militia commander from Siberia, Sergei proved to be a good-humored, intelligent man in his 40s. His grandfather, the son of a Jewish exile, had fled Irkutsk during the pogroms of the White Russians in the 1920s to one of the villages around Lake Baikal.

Sergei had recently decorated the exterior of his house there with a Star of David to assert his Jewishness. In the context of the revival of Jewish identity in Russia there was nothing remarkable about Sergei except his face — the face of an ethnic Mongolian whose ancestors had ridden with Genghis Khan.

"You ask me what the potential of aliya is from the former Soviet Union and I will tell you I don't know," said Haim Chessler of the Jewish Agency as he presented Sergei last month in Moscow to a visiting Israeli group led by former president Chaim Herzog. "The official figure is about 700,000 but there could be a million or two million or four million."

People with Jewish blood continue to emerge from the unlikelyst corners of the former Soviet empire. In eastern Siberia, this includes many persons of Mongolian stock who carry genes of Jewish ancestors sent into exile by czars and commissars. Jewish Agency emissaries in the past few years have come upon rivers in that area still bearing names like Haim and Golei Zion (Exiles of Zion) bestowed by those Jewish exiles.

Since the fall of the Iron Curtain, emissaries have been combing the vast reaches

of Russia and its sister republics, from the tempestuous Caucasus to the frozen Arctic, in search of Jews. It is an epic tale, still largely untold, and its impact on Israel and on the history of the Jewish people in our time has been stunning. It is, however, a chapter that may be nearing its end.

"There is a window of opportunity that might last another two, three years," said Chessler, chief Jewish Agency representative in the former Soviet Union. "The economic situation in Russia is stabilizing. If it continues to do so, the gates may still remain open but the Jews of Moscow and St. Petersburg won't come. This is already beginning to happen. There may even be a reverse emigration, with some ex-Russian Jews in Israel returning."

The dizzying cross-currents buffeting Russia portended until recently only chaos, an atmosphere that induced the emigration of 545,000 Jews to Israel between 1989 and 1994 and some 270,000 to other countries. Now, amid the eddies, islands of prosperity have begun to emerge.

The large GUM department store on Red Square was virtually empty of stock a couple of years ago. Now, notes Chessler, its wares would do credit to the Galeries Lafayette in Paris. Although the average wage in Moscow is only \$100 to \$150 a month, computer programmers and other specialists have in the past year begun finding jobs paying \$1,500 to \$2,000. There are 15 to 20 Jewish bank directors in Russia today earning \$15,000 to \$25,000 a month. Many Jewish businessmen are making fortunes in the gray econ-

omy and they have even become a source of philanthropy within the Jewish community, a new development suggesting a stabilizing atmosphere.

"This country has undergone in the past couple of years what in normal countries takes place over 70 years," said Chessler. "The mentality has changed completely. They think that Russia is going to become the *goldene medina* [golden land]. There is a very rich elite now consisting of perhaps 7 percent of the population. Young people with ambition, many of them Jewish, believe they can become part of that elite."

The decline in emigration figures from Moscow and St. Petersburg reflects this changing scene.

For the bulk of the population, however, the hard realities of daily life in the former Soviet Union are still more relevant than the tantalizing prospects of prosperity. Criminal elements are said to tap into 70 percent of businesses and their methods are brutal. There were 32,000 planned murders last year — not random killings or vodka overspill but deliberate executions.

Visitors are warned not to wander the streets of major cities for fear of holdups or worse. Ethnic wars such as the current one in Chechnya have been going on every day since the breakup of the Soviet Union and experts list 180 potential points of future conflict along similar fault lines. Added to this is political instability which leads many experts to believe that a dictatorship is likely to emerge in Russia in the near future.

It is these two possible scenarios — finding prosperity at home or becoming a victim of criminal anarchy — that the Jews remaining there are actively weighing. Zionist ideology will not be the deciding factor when they consider whether or not to make aliya.

Leonid's great-grandfather had been a rabbi but he himself, the 42-year-old businessman admitted, knew nothing at all about Judaism. Seventy years of communist rule had squeezed the life out of Russia's rich Jewish heritage and bequeathed him only a vague Jewish consciousness. His grandmother, who lived with him, barely remembered the Yiddish of her childhood.

He and his wife Alla, who is clearly not Jewish, sent their 17-year-old daughter to Israel on a year's study program offered by the Jewish Agency. "If she likes it there we will follow," he said.

He was, said Leonid, in the food business, although he had an engineering degree. Financially he was doing fine. With housing prices in Moscow soaring, he thought he could even sell his two-bedroom apartment for enough to buy an equivalent apartment in Israel without a mortgage. He was prepared to do any kind of work in Israel, he said, including manual labor, but he expected to be able to do better than that.

If he was doing so well in Moscow and if he had no emotional ties to Judaism, why was he contemplating aliya?

The initial reply was indirect. "People

want quiet in their lives. In Israel people can live peacefully." His reply was more pointed when he was asked about the mafia. He paid 15 percent of his turnover as protection money. The mafia gangs provided a certain measure of stability but they could not be depended on for 100 percent protection against rival gangs and there was the ever present danger of sudden violence.

Alla seemed even more eager than Leonid to depart for Israel. Her motive was concern for her daughter's safety. A 14-year-old girl living in the next apartment block, she said, had been kidnapped and sold to soldiers. When she finally returned home she was deranged. "I don't leave the house myself after 7 o'clock," Alla said. "I hurry home from work and stay inside." The front door was sheathed with metal.

Leaving the apartment, the translator, a 22-year-old Moscow woman, said she thought that Alla's fears were exaggerated and noted that she herself went out at night. The fact that only a tiny percentage of Moscow's Jews are actively planning aliya suggests that the security situation is still something they can live with. But the sense of danger projected by Alla would seem to be something more than self-induced hysteria.

The fact that Zionist sentiment figures so little in the calculations of prospective Russian immigrants is of little concern to Israel's establishment. The fact that many of the immigrants are not halachically Jewish, while the remainder are almost totally ignorant of Judaism, is likewise taken in stride.

Experience has shown that within a generation, immigrants, or at least their children, will be fully integrated into Israeli society. It is assumed that the religious question will largely be resolved by conversion. This can be taken as a historical irony — Russian-Ukrainian society into

which so many Jews assimilated over the generations repaying a demographic debt, as it were.

In 1952, prime minister David Ben-Gurion summoned spy chief Isser Harel and Shaul Avigur, who had commanded Aliya Bet, the pre-state clandestine immigration operation. It was time, said Ben-Gurion, to address the question of Soviet Jewry. Israel desperately wanted those millions. If they could not be gotten out they would be lost to the Jewish people in another generation or two. With all the difficulty of conducting a clandestine operation in the Soviet Union an attempt had to be made to reach the Jews there.

A special organization was formed for the task. It was called simply "Halishka" ("The Liaison Bureau"). Its efforts inside the Soviet Union were conducted through operatives working out of the Israeli embassy with diplomatic cover. Their task was to make contact with Jews wherever possible and help stir Jewish consciousness. Prayer books and secular literature were discreetly distributed on a large scale.

Much of the Liaison Bureau's efforts went to building up massive international pressure on the Soviet Union to let its Jews go.

The Liaison Bureau operates openly today in the former Soviet republics, working parallel to the Jewish Agency. In addition to promoting Jewish education, the two organizations have also been involved in rescue operations. On at least four occasions in the past few years, their personnel have rescued Jewish communities within the shattered Soviet empire trapped by ethnic wars. In the Caucasus, a Liaison Bureau operative crossed an embattled border on foot in order to arrange charter flights to extricate a beleaguered Jewish community.

Chessler has been a frequent visitor in recent months to the embattled Chechnya region. "There were 3,000 Jews in Grozny



Non-Jewish members of the Moiseyev dance troupe perform a hasidic wedding dance at Jerusalem Day celebrations in Moscow last month.

## NOUVEAU-RICHE WHIRLPOOL

The four-car convoy turned off the road near the edge of Moscow and entered a small forest. A soldier manning a gateway into a fenced area recognized the imposing black Zil limousine in the lead and raised the barrier. Inside the fence, scores of two-story homes, platially destined for Russia's new rich, were under construction on a large tract. A second barrier loomed ahead but a soldier hastily raised it and the convoy passed through without pausing.

The cars stopped in the driveway of a large villa and a dozen Israelis emerged from the vehicles. They were among the bankers, businessmen and industrialists participating in "The Journey of the 100," but this visit was not on the official agenda. They had been asked individually that morning over breakfast by an Israeli businessman if they would care to duck out of a scheduled museum visit that afternoon in order to have lunch at the dacha of former Soviet prime minister Leonid Brezhnev. The dacha was now being rented by a local Jewish businessman.

The host was standing on the steps of the villa waiting to receive his guests. He was short, thick-chested, bespectacled and surprisingly young, apparently in his thirties. Deployed on the steps around him were his wife and several aides. "Peel at home and look around," he said as he shook hands. He spoke softly and sparingly.

The sturdy, two-story structure had palatial airs and made little pretense of rusticity. "Boris," as we shall call the host, led the way down to the basement to show Brezhnev's large swimming pool, a wood-paneled sauna and a cozy room with a well-stocked bar.

The second story of the villa was lined with bedrooms and a large conference room. Brezhnev and his staff had sat at this very wooden conference table, said one of Boris's aides. A stand near the head of the table held white telephones. One, said Boris pointing, was still connected to the Kremlin. He pulled open a wooden panel behind the table to show an empty space. "This is where the buttons were that Brezhnev was supposed to push," said one of the aides. We were free to guess what kind of buttons.

Lunch was waiting downstairs, a Jewish spread that included — how could it not? — caviar. There were rounds of toasts and the waiters kept the small vodka glasses filled. One tall, soft-spoken young man who

identified himself as Boris's legal adviser suggested taking the caviar with butter on bread.

Like Boris and Boris's wife, he had lived for a while in Israel but now worked for Boris's company in London. His English was fair and he projected intelligence. The company, he said, operated in several countries, including Israel, and under several different names. It was not clear what kind of business the company did.

The food was excellent. The cook had been Brezhnev's, said Boris, and had come with the dacha. Boris had recently rented the dacha for 25 years from the former mayor of Moscow, Gavriel Popov, who had acquired it in one of those razzle-dazzle deals that had seen jumps of state property privatized into the pockets of those at the communist high table.

The houses we had seen under construction between the fences, said the lawyer, cost between \$500,000 and \$1 million. Our host seemed to be involved in the project but that too was not clear.

THE MAIN advantage of the dacha, said the lawyer between courses, was not its physical attributes but even the prestige factor, but the guards we had seen on the way in. They were from a special KGB detachment and around the villa appeared to be Boris's own security and the villa appeared to be Boris's own security.

The guards were not there to keep out second-story burglars but to keep out the mafia. There was no such thing as a mafia, said the lawyer, in the sense of one large organization with a godfather, but the name is applied to the many gangs of criminals that collect protection from businessmen. The going rate ranges between 5 and 25 percent of turnover. How is the percentage decided?

"An assessor is called in."

"Who calls him in?"

"The mafia."

The protection is a surtax of sorts above any taxes the businessman might pay the government. The mafia is

evidently careful not to milk the cow so dry that it no longer produces milk. Things had been standardized to a point where if a shipment of goods arrives from abroad, said the lawyer, a customs agent in the pay of the mafia will inform them by phone of the shipment's arrival and its value and the mafia in turn would arrange payment with the businessman by phone.

After lunch, I had a chance to stroll briefly with Boris on the elaborate grounds, which included tennis courts. He said he spent seven months a year in Houston, Texas. He had interests in oil equipment, he said. Two months a year were spent in Israel. His wife, a pleasant young woman, had lived there for several years and she spoke to the visitors in excellent Hebrew. He understood a bit himself but preferred sticking to English. He mentioned in passing that he had two girlfriends abroad.

Before parting, we all posed for a group photograph on the steps of the villa around Boris.

During the two hours we had at the dacha, Boris apparently had an opportunity to put out floorcer business feelers to some of his guests. One of his assistants was later seen cornering a Dutch guest at the hotel where the Israelis were staying.

In a conversation afterwards, one of the Israeli businessmen portrayed the scene at the dacha as theater. "What he would like to do is to do business with other people's money. In this case, our money. His whole object was to impress us that he has a lot of money. He had some money, but I don't think he has a lot of money."

Brezhnev's copy, "Brezhnev is a dead dog for years. Has the book been sitting around since then?" Seven months in Houston? "He probably talks them in Houston that he spends seven months a year in Moscow or wherever."

Two girlfriends? "Maybe one." Renting from Popov? "I don't think he's renting. I think he let Popov money and the dacha is security on the deal."

In the end, though, the businessman admitted that he could not get a precise fix on Boris.

It is difficult, for an outsider at least, to get a precise fix on anything in the social whirlpool that Russia has become. The only thing that could be said with any measure of certainty about the afternoon at Brezhnev's dacha concerns someone we didn't even meet. That cock who ever he/she is, is first-class.



# Your Sunday Bonus: THE FUNNIES

Will Hobbes ever get the better of Calvin?

What is it about the Funnies that so attracts us? Do we identify with those cartoon characters whose antics we follow week after week? Are they a reminder of our lost childhood? Actually, we don't need any deep psychological explanation. We all appreciate humor. Some would even say that when you live in Israel, you need an extra dose of humor.

Read the Sunday Funnies, and enjoy a distinctly American brand of humor, off-beat opinions and columns.



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YOUR WEEK JUST GOT EVEN BRIGHTER THE JERUSALEM POST

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Read all about it in the Funnies, your Sunday Bonus.



Haim Chesser (left), chief Jewish Agency emissary in the former Soviet Union; Asher Rosenthal, emissary in eastern Siberia; and Sergel, of Mongol-Jewish ancestry, address visiting Israelis in Moscow last month.

but most got out in time. Three hundred were trapped by the fighting. We reached them in their shelters and brought them out in a roundabout way.

It is the Liaison Bureau's task to spot forged documents presented by non-Jews seeking to emigrate to Israel on the basis of fictional Jewish grandparents. "It used to be that if your name was Rabinovich you changed it to Petrov and then to Ivanov so that if someone got suspicious and asked what your name was before Ivanov you could say it was Petrov," said an emissary. "Today there are non-Jews willing to pay good money to become a Rabinovich."

Liaison Bureau officials believe that they are almost totally successful at weeding out forgeries.

The Jewish Agency has 100 emissaries posted in 31 locales around the former Soviet Union. Their aim is to locate Jews, raise Jewish consciousness through educational programs and summer camps and to organize aliya via 16 locales offering direct flights to Israel.

Emphasis is placed on youths. The chief agency representative in the St. Petersburg area, Brig.-Gen. (res.) Motti Paz, a former paratroop commander, last month recalled his first scouting trip to Murmansk in the

far north. "I was told I was crazy to go there but I found 4,000 Jews. We've sent 100 kids from there to Israel on Youth Aliya so far, each one a gem."

A similar experience was reported by agency emissary Asher Rosenthal who was posted two years ago to Irkutsk in east Siberia where temperatures of minus 40C are common. "I was told that there were Jews in Irkutsk but no other Jews in the region."

He nevertheless undertook a town-by-town investigation. In one locale, Rosenthal presented himself to the director of the local technical institute to ask him—

## THE CHRISTIAN INFUSION

More Christian settlers have arrived here in the tide of immigration from the former Soviet Union than the area has seen since the Crusades.

Harad leaders say that 30 percent or more of immigrants from the former Soviet Union are not Jewish. Interior Ministry statistics put the figure at close to 20 percent, which would still add up to at least 100,000 people. Absorption Minister Yair Tzaban recently cited a figure of 8.3 percent, but this only fueled suspicions that officials are cooking the books.

Whatever the exact figures, it is clear that a large number of non-Jews have arrived with immigrant status in the past five-and-a-half years and that the number will grow substantially larger. An Israeli official in the former Soviet Union told a journalist last month that the percentage of those halachically Jewish—that is, people with Jewish mothers—currently in the aliya pipeline is in the vicinity of 50 percent. An overwhelming majority of Jews in the former Soviet Union marry non-Jews.

In addition, an unknown number of people with no Jewish family connections have arrived here with forged documents attesting to a Jewish background. Although officials at the Liaison Bureau are believed to now be nearly foolproof in their detection of such documents, some officials say that thousands of people with false papers probably gained entry during the initial flood of immigration.

How should Israeli society relate to this phenomenon? It is an awkward question that the authorities have preferred not to address, even though the social implications are formidable, particularly regarding marriage.

Israel Lippel, an Orthodox Jew who has served as adviser on religious affairs to a number of ministers, is not merely reconciled to the infusion of a large dose of non-Jewish blood into the arteries of the Jewish people; he welcomes it.

"After the Holocaust, we have to revive our strength and that means increasing our numbers," he says. "It is a good thing that other elements join the Jewish people through conversion. Judaism is not racial. We accept converts. This is our message since Abraham. He was also a convert. The Talmud tells us that many prominent rabbis were converts or descendants of converts, like Rabbi Akiva. David was a descendant of Ruth. The Jews are much more universal than the haradim would have us think."

The Orthodox establishment has refused to undertake mass

conversions of non-Jewish immigrants on the grounds that the bulk seek conversion for reasons of convenience, not belief. Many of the immigrants, for their part, whether they profess Christianity or Islam, have no wish to be converted. Churches were filled last Christmas with Russian immigrants.

But in time, says Lippel, social pressures on non-Jewish immigrant youths will make most of them want to convert. "It's a natural tendency to want to assimilate into the dominant society," he says.

Rabbi Israel Eliezer, spokesman for the Belz hassidic movement, says he is not opposed to converting any non-Jew who sincerely wishes to take upon himself the obligations of the Jewish faith. But to convert nonbelievers merely seeking social acceptability is a sham.

"I don't say to curb aliya from Russia. The non-Jews coming here are entitled to full civil rights. If Israel's population included 20 percent of non-Jews before, mostly Arabs, then it will include a bit more with the Russians. As for conversion, we don't try to convert the Palestinians and we shouldn't try to convert the Slavs who come here."

Most officials have chosen not to deal with the subject either out of fear that a public debate would discourage mixed families in the former Soviet Union who are contemplating aliya, or because it is too charged a topic in terms of Israeli politics. A notable exception is Uri Gordon, head of the Jewish Agency's Aliya Department, the organization directly responsible for bringing the immigrants here.

"I am less than enthusiastic about bringing non-Jews here for fear of changing the Jewish character of the state," he says. Gordon has been campaigning for elimination of the "grandparent clause" in the Law of Return, which permits the immigration of anyone with a Jewish grandparent, even if neither he nor his parents are halachically Jewish. Other officials say that only some 3 percent of immigrants gain entrance under the grandparent clause.

Concern about the impact of a large non-Jewish immigration on the character of the state is shared by many. Last month, Justice Minister David Liba'i revealed that an amendment to the Law of Return is being prepared that would prohibit the immigration of a convert's non-Jewish relatives.

simply as an informed citizen—whether he knew of any local Jews. The director said he was a Jew himself and that there were others.

Rosenthal asked whether the Jews could be assembled for a meeting when he returned in two weeks. He found 300 waiting for him. Within half a year there was a Jewish Sunday school operating in the town, a Jewish dance troupe and interest in aliya.

It was he who discovered Sergei and the Mongol-Jewish connection. Wandering his way into so-called "closed cities" where security work is undertaken, Rosenthal found Jews among the scientists and technicians living there who had never been included in any Jewish population figures.

The startling change in attitudes since the days of illicit Zionist activity only a few years ago was symbolized last month by the premises that the agency sought to rent for Jerusalem Day festivities in Moscow—the central hall of the Kremlin. The hall is regularly rented to outside organizations and the only reason the agency did not get it was that it had already been booked for the day. More than 1,000 local Jews attended the Jerusalem Day celebrations held in another hall where the famed Mosieyev folk ballet performed a rafter-shaking hassidic wedding dance.

The immigration of much of Russian-speaking Jewry to Israel over the past five years has surpassed even the fantasies of a visionary like Ben-Gurion. "In the 1950s," notes David Baron, a former head of the Liaison Bureau, "there was a debate between those who demanded defense cuts because of the economic situation and those who said we couldn't cut because of the security situation. Ben-Gurion said in the Knesset: 'Give me 500,000 Jews from the Soviet Union and I will cut the defense budget in half.'"

The influx of Soviet Jewry in the past five years has brought more than 50,000 engineers, 10,000 scientists and a percentage of professionals twice that in the Israeli population. Forty percent of the newcomers have post-secondary school education compared to 23 percent in the veteran Israeli population.

Unemployment among the immigrants, which was 39 percent in 1991, was down to 13 percent last year. Although most are not yet working in their professions, the immigrants are rapidly being absorbed into Israeli society. There are more than 12,000 ex-Soviet students attending universities and more than 100,000 students in the school system who are doing so well that Education Ministry officials prefer not to highlight their accomplishments for fear of arousing antagonism.

Public enthusiasm over the Russian-speaking immigration has perceptibly waned. The heated competition five years ago to invite Russian families for the seder has been only faintly echoed in recent Pessah celebrations.

In an effort to revive flagging public interest, the Public Committee for Immigrant Absorption was initiated by Absorption Minister Yair Tzaban. The trip to Russia led by Chaim Herzog last month on what was dubbed "The Journey of the 100" was sponsored by the committee—the second such trip in the past year. The 100 participants included leaders of business and industry as well as public officials. The object was to provide a close-up view of the drama at the other end of the immigration pipeline in order to involve the participants in absorption activities in Israel.

Chesser advocates an all-out, innovative effort in the next two years to promote aliya before the window of opportunity slides shut. "We have to take dramatic steps. If I could, I would take 20,000 Jewish kids and send them for two weeks in Israel. Sure it costs money but it's 10 times more effective than trying to reach them through emissaries. In three years they will be coming to Israel as tourists and returning to Russia. The clock is running."



# BREAKING OUT

**I**f Ashwak Kayouf wants to attend Druse religious services in her village of Usfiya, she'll first have to tear up her driver's license.

Seven years ago, the former head of Israel's Druse community proclaimed a religious ban on driving for the country's Druse women. A Druse woman who drives a car may not enter a *khwa*, a Druse meeting house, may not sit beside a religious man, and is forbidden other seemingly innocuous activities.

Kayouf, 35, like many other educated Druse women, thinks the ban is misguided. "The religious leaders are just looking at the negative side of driving," she says. "They think if a woman takes the car alone and goes out, she can meet men in the street. But I'm a working woman, my husband also works all day, I have four children to shepherd around, and the village is quite large. I couldn't manage all this without a car."

The ban does not extend to Druse women in neighboring countries where, it seems, the temptations to stray are not as great.

The ban on driving is not such a major concern, Kayouf admits. Many women in her village drive, and they are not socially shunned. Among the Druse, the line between religious and secular is not as strictly drawn as in the Jewish community, and it's relatively easy to pass from one to the other. All a banned woman has to do in order to return to the religious fold is tear up her driver's license, she says.

But this small imbroglio symbolizes a larger concern of the Israeli Druse community, which for the last few decades has been lurching toward modernity, and trying to maintain its delicate position between the country's Jewish and Arab communities, without sacrificing its traditions and unique identity.

And the Druse women are caught in the middle.

"I feel that as a Druse woman, I am second-class in Israel," says Kayouf, who works as a teacher and counselor in her village school and is a volunteer activist for Druse women's rights. "The time has come for us to take power and initiative into our own hands, and rise to the level of Jewish women in this country. I want our men to know that we are capable, that we can achieve a lot, that we lack nothing but a strong women's framework."

That's what Kayouf and her friends in Usfiya, a village of 8,000 on the outskirts of Haifa, are trying to change. Last month, after Haifa University's Jewish-Arab Center held the country's first conference on the status of Druse women, Kayouf quietly announced the formation of a national movement for the advancement of Druse women, which will, she hopes, have representatives in every Druse village in the country.

The organization, tentatively called The Council of Druse Women, has opened a dialogue with Druse religious leaders to examine ways to bring religious and non-religious women closer together.

"We want to be part of this community, modern yet keeping to the tradition," she explains. "We're coming to the religious leaders with a simple agenda, saying, we are Druse women, we want to stay Druse, and live in the State of Israel."



Ashwak Kayouf: "I want our men to know that we are capable, that we can achieve a lot, that we lack nothing but a strong women's framework."

**Druse women seek ways to live in the modern world without abandoning their traditions.**

By Sue Fishkoff

as it exists today. And they're beginning to listen to us."

Kayouf, a striking, well-spoken woman, is a veteran of numerous Jewish and Arab women's organizations: the Israel Women's Network, Na'amat, Isha L'Isha (Woman to Woman), the Organization of Arab Women in Israel, and the Prime Minister's Committee for the Advancement of Druse Women, to name a few. She learned her political skills from Jewish women activists in these groups, she says.

"But, of course, they want me to be active in their organizations," she points out. "They didn't encourage me to build a separate Druse women's organization. But that's what I'm doing."

Kayouf is always on the go, flying from her full-time job to Knesset meetings on the

status of women, to regional meetings of various women's groups, to Druse villages on the Golan Heights and in Upper Galilee, where she speaks to women's groups and helps organize educational activities. Her cellular phone rings constantly.

Yet, like her women friends, Kayouf never leaves the house without her *sa'if*, the diaphanous white headscarf of the traditional Druse woman. It lies carefully draped about her shoulders, rather than covering her head, which would indicate that she belonged to the village's religious population, estimated at about 20 percent. "I am very respectful of the Druse traditions," she says.

The Druse woman, like the Israeli Druse community, is in transition, explains Dr. Kala Firro, a professor in

Haifa University's Middle East Studies department and author of the 1992 *History of the Druse*.

The tenets of the Druse faith afford Druse women great equality. In Druse divorce law, for example, property must be evenly divided between husband and wife. In practice, Firro says, inequality is the rule. In divorce cases as in everything else.

"According to religious law, men and women are equal, but reality is quite different," he says.

But, he says, change has been on the horizon for decades. He divides the changes into two periods, which he relates to corresponding socioeconomic changes in the surrounding Israeli society.

From the 1950s to the 1970s, the Israeli Druse community moved from a primarily agricultural society to greater integration into the Israeli market. With modernization came a rise in education levels, as Druse men began studying at the country's universities.

The second period of change began in the late 1970s, when Druse women followed their brothers to university and began seeking jobs, first in their villages and then, to a lesser extent, outside the community, although primarily in the traditionally "female" professions of teacher, nurse, secretary and social worker.

MK Sallah Tarif (Labor) says that when he studied at Haifa University in the early '70s, there were no Druse women students. Today, according to the university's Jewish-Arab Center, Druse women outnumber Druse men among the student bodies at both Haifa University and the Technion, which, because of their proximity to the country's major Druse villages, are virtually the only places where Druse women study.

"Higher education is an essential aspect of Druse women's struggle to advance their positions," Tarif said at last month's conference at Haifa University. "If they haven't finished high school, they can't carry on conversation in good Hebrew, let alone English."

Some Druse women students at Haifa University point out that they have a head start on the men in their community because they are exempted from army service. While most young Druse men spend three years in the IDF, the women use those years to attend university or vocational college.

When the men return home after their military service, there is great pressure on them to marry, start a family and find a job, which often precludes spending years in quest of a university degree.

As Druse women have become better educated, and as their entire society has opened up economically and socially to the outside world, more and more Druse women have sought jobs outside their homes.

Ten years ago, someone offering a secretarial job to girls in a Druse village would rarely find takers; today, there would be 30 applicants for the position, Firro says. Druse women might prefer to work in their villages, he adds, but they're willing to go outside if that's where the jobs are. And their fathers and husbands are learning to accept it.

It wasn't always so. Certainly not in 1968, when Dumia Awida, now 45,

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began to study at the Arabic Teachers' Seminar in Haifa. She was the first Druse woman to attend an educational institution outside Ushiya. Her parents were placed under religious ban for eight years as punishment.

"When they began to argue about me in the meeting house, my father said he believed in a woman's right to study," she says. "I'll never forget how he stood up to that community pressure for me, in front of the entire village."

Awida's reputation as a rebel had been established a few years earlier in the village, when she became the first Druse girl in the country to join a Jewish youth movement, Hashomer Hatzair. She did more than join - she went on trips with the group, and even stayed overnight at their clubhouse in Haifa.

"There was great opposition from the neighbors, but I didn't give in to them," she says. "I kept going to their activities. I even invited the [Druse] council head to visit us."

Awida graduated from the college in 1972, the year she also became the first Druse woman to get a driver's license. Today she works as a teachers' supervisor at Druse girls' schools throughout the Haifa area and Galilee, and is the first Druse woman to hold such a position. She travels regularly with Ashwak Kayouf to lead women's groups in Druse villages in

the north, and is one of Ushiya's two representatives on the newly established Council of Druse Women.

"I don't feel I'm any different from an Israeli Jewish woman," she says one recent evening, when she gathered with a few women at Kayouf's Ushiya home to discuss the status of women in their community.

Sitting next to her on the couch was Afaf Dabian, 39, a supervisor of kindergarten

school - and always covered her hair "so no one would tell my father I was being disrespectful."

Two years ago, Dabian opened a women's center in her basement, mainly to serve religious women who had no access to the world outside their homes. The center runs discussion groups on issues of concern to the women, holds classes - ceramics, flower-arranging, cooking - and

"I'm not interested in becoming a star chef," says Kayouf. "I can buy food in any restaurant. I'm interested in internal development, not superficial improvements."

Dabian describes her center's meetings as "friendly, not formal," where the women talk freely about things that concern them.

"One woman, speaking for many, told us she felt she had missed the boat," Dabian recounts. "She said, 'I should have studied when I had the chance, but how can I now? I'm too old.' In her day, there was no high school in the village for girls. Today, of course, we have that."

Dabian says the women who come to her center, most of whom have no higher education and are more traditional than modern, are concerned with improving themselves so they can be more effective wives and mothers.

"They want classes on beauty and exercise, and they want to talk about educating their children," she says. "The woman who regretted not having studied said that if she were better educated, she could give more to her children today."

Druse women typically view themselves primarily in terms of how they function in the community as wives, daughters and mothers, explains Dr. Rachel Seginer of the Haifa University School of Education.

**We are Druse women,  
we want to stay Druse,  
and live in the State of Israel  
as it exists today.**  
- Ashwak Kayouf

teachers throughout Galilee and the Golan, mother of four, and another central figure in Kayouf's emerging council.

Like Awida, Dabian also wears the traditional white headscarf - usually draped over her shoulders - to appease the community and indicate her respect for Druse tradition. She began studying at a WIZO arts school after her first son was born 19 years ago - the only Druse woman in the

brings in guest lecturers on such topics as women's health and beauty tips.

"These women had nothing to do, no way to get together with each other," Dabian says. She receives no outside funding for her center, relying exclusively on class fees collected from participants.

Na'amat has maintained a women's center in Ushiya for years, but these women say it does not meet their needs.

## YOUNG DRUSE WOMEN LOOK TO THE FUTURE

Man Halaby, Nadjuwa Khayouf and Raja Abu Ruken are typical of the new generation of Druse women from Ushiya.

Dressed modestly in long, flowing skirts and loose blouses, the three friends are students at Haifa University, preparing themselves for professional careers while remaining committed to preserving Druse tradition.

They illustrate the challenge facing women like Ashwak Kayouf, Dumla Awlad and Afaf Dabian, who are trying to persuade the religious elders that contact with the outside world will not make young Druse women abandon the community for the temptations of modern city life.

These three women say that having a social life is much easier for them than it was for their parents, who rarely met before they married. Still, Khayouf, a 24-year-old, political-science student - and the only single woman of the three - says that she doesn't go out of the village unless she's accompanied by her brothers or a group of girlfriends. Even then, she's limited in her choice of entertainment, usually going to shopping centers. Restaurants, concerts, movies, and pubs; the usual choice of Jewish couples, are out of the question.

Like hard-core Jewish women, single Druse girls - religious or not - don't meet men on their own. Druse girls don't even date.

They meet their future husbands through friends or family, often at events such as weddings or holiday celebrations. The young men then send word through relatives that he's interested in meeting a certain young woman. This signals that his intentions are serious.

The couple meets at the home of the parents of one of them, with a chaperone present, and if all goes well, become engaged. After that, they may sit and talk walks alone to determine whether they are well suited. Soon after, they either marry or separate and try again with someone else.

Isn't it hard to get to know their future husbands this way? Explains Halaby, 24, and married four months, "We talked a lot on the phone."

It's all part of the respect for women that is a key component of Druse tradition, and something these avowedly modern young women want to preserve in their own lives.

Once a woman is married, she actually has more social freedom than before. Abu Ruken, 26, and the mother of two daughters, says that since she married, she's been traveling widely - with her husband, of course.

Was an education the Harmonia going through in Galilee, anywhere? she says. "It's much harder for single girls."

THE WOMEN of the new generation of Druse women are young, educated, and committed to modern life. But they are also committed to their tradition, and to the community that has shaped them.

new home. Today, these young women say most of their girlfriends work or study, and make all home decisions together with their husbands.

"When a woman works, she feels independent," says Abu Ruken, who returned to university recently after her second daughter was born, and plans a career in law or economics.

That doesn't mean the double standard doesn't operate. Asked which parts of the Druse tradition they maintain as university students, the three tick them off: they don't smoke, drink alcohol, or eat pork; and they are committed to the Druse concept of total trust between husband and wife.

"Once a Druse woman gets married, she never takes a boyfriend on the side," explains Khayouf in a sober tone. And the men? The three women break out in laughter and roll their eyes.

"The men have more freedom than we do," Khayouf notes, still laughing.

Abu Ruken points out that young Druse men spend three years in the IDF doing their compulsory military service. They use that time, like their Jewish peers, to

spread their wings without parental supervision. The sexual promiscuity of military life is legendary among young Druse; in fact, religious Druse don't serve in the IDF, the women explain, because of the unsupervised and constant contact with women that would ensue.

"In the army, our boys meet girls who don't care if they sleep with 10 boys in the same night," says Abu Ruken. "According to the Druse faith, the punishment for adultery is the same for men and women, but that's not true in reality. Only the woman is punished."

Man Halaby has a somewhat unusual story. Her mother and Abu Ruken's were the first two women in Ushiya to work outside the home, in the families' carpet factory. But her father, a religious elder, kept his daughter on a short leash. He refused her request at the age of 20 to begin studies at Haifa University. She handled it the best way she knew.

"I got married, left home, and went to university," she says. "Now that I'm married, my husband is responsible for my behavior, and my father no longer has a say in it."

Abu Ruken explains that the Druse women who go to university are, as a whole, interested in preserving Druse tradition even as they prepare themselves for jobs in the outside world. The main problem, as she sees it, is a "lack of direction" among a small group of Druse youth who are less educated, less enamored of the tradition, and more tempted by the easy pleasures of urban Israeli life. It's these young people whom the religious elders seem incapable of reaching, she says.

"The gap between the secular youth and the religious elders increases all the time," she notes sadly.

These young women identify strongly with Israel and with the political and social freedom that life in this country has brought them. According to Druse tradition, a new wife goes to live in her husband's home village.

And cross-border marriages are still common today, with young Druse wives arriving from villages in Syria and Lebanon to join husbands in Ushiya. But almost no women leave Israel to join husbands in neighboring countries, the women say, adding they couldn't imagine giving up life in Israel.

That's the Israeli way, says Abu Ruken. "I drink Oren coffee in the morning, I sing Shlomo Artzi songs, and I can't imagine living in Lebanon or Syria, unless I was born there."

Khayouf, the only one in the group for whom the question is still relevant, is more blunt. "I wouldn't go," she says. "I can't imagine living in Lebanon or Syria, unless I was born there."

These three women are optimistic about the future of their community. They plan to give their children the same heritage they received from their parents, modified to fit their more modern life styles.

"I want my children to be happy," says Abu Ruken. "I want them to be satisfied with their lives and achieve what they want. But I don't want them to pick up bad things from Israeli society, like drinking or taking drugs."

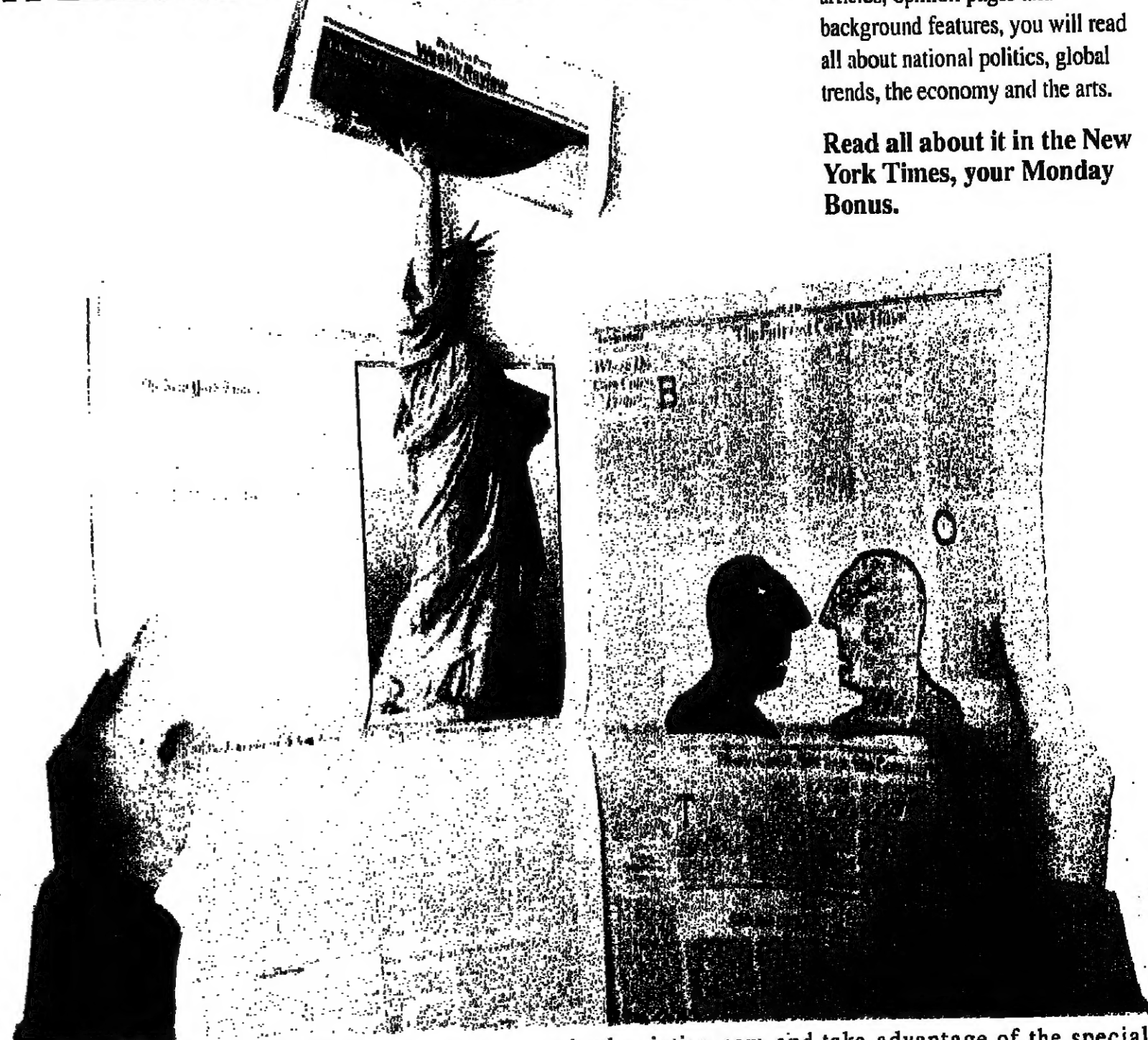
It's a delicate balance, she says, one that will require a lot of effort and a lot of love.

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**YOUR WEEK JUST GOT EVEN BRIGHTER** **THE JERUSALEM POST**

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Afaf Dabian (left) with Dumia Awida: 'We're open to the world, not closeted away like in the past.'

Recently, 300 Jewish and Druse girls in 10th grade were asked to describe their hopes and plans for the future. On the surface, Seginer says, there was little difference between the pictures they drew: most talked about finishing school, getting a job, marrying and having children.

It was in the subtleties that the girls differed. Some of the Druse girls mentioned fears of marrying men they might not love, because their fathers wished it, while others feared having to go to work in the village factory if their parents forbade them to take matriculation exams. More often, the differences were expressed not in the goals themselves, but in the reasons behind those goals.

"A Jewish girl might say she wants to be a teacher, while a Druse girl would say she wants to be a teacher so she can better serve her community, or she wants to open a community center to help illiterate women learn how to read and write," Seginer says. "Already at this age, they're concerned with going into careers that will help the community — teaching, nursing, social work — or with helping their future husbands in their jobs."

"As long as the woman goes out to work in order to serve the community, or to develop some talent in herself, it's acceptable, because then there's no suspicion that her husband can't support the family on his own," she explains.

Maha Ali, 30, a social worker for the National Insurance Institute, supervises a team of 26 local volunteers who work with women in Ushiya and the neighboring Druse village of Daliat al-Carmel. She says few of her volunteers have completed eighth grade, and they see their volunteer work as a way to develop self-esteem, proving their worth to themselves and their friends by showing that even without much education, they can make a valuable contribution to the community.

The situation becomes more touchy, Ali says, in cases where the women are better educated than their husbands. Often in such cases the husband tries to limit his wife's activities, telling her to stay home to watch the children or prepare meals when she wants to go to classes at the women's center or out to a volunteer job.

"Some of them have decided in recent years that they're going out anyway, even if their husbands don't want it," Ali says. "You didn't see that 10, 15 years ago."

All believes the big shift began in the Druse community after the Lebanon War in 1982. Until then, she says, the community was "one big, fairly traditional family," where religious and nonreligious Druse coexisted harmoniously.

The war and its aftermath encouraged

extremism in both directions, she says: the religious Druse became more religious, and the nonreligious moved further in the direction of secular life.

Prof. Joseph Ginat, director of the Jewish-Arab Center at Haifa University, is more circumspect. He points out that the war brought young Israeli Druse into contact with their Lebanese peers for the first time in two generations.

"The Druse in Lebanon are more liberal than in Israel," he explains, noting that Walid Jumblatt, political head of the Lebanese Druse, is married to a Circassian woman, defying the ban on intermarriage that is strictly upheld in Israel. "It was a cultural shock for some young Israeli Druse when they met the young people from Lebanon."

The social gap between Druse who grew up before and after the Lebanon War is so marked, Maha Ali says, that she notes differences in dress, expectations and behavior even between herself and her 35-year-old sister, only five years her senior. And she sees sharp differences in girls 10 and 15 years younger than herself.

"Here it is 1995, and I can't cut my hair short," she complains. "I work with women in the village, and it's simply not acceptable for a woman my age to cut her hair."

"Druse tradition is carried on primarily by the women. It's the women who have to dress and act modestly, who can't go out alone, who have to pass on these values to their children. Today, you can't say there are any 'secular' Druse women, just religious and nonreligious. But in five years, we'll see real secular women, girls who are 15 and 16 years old today. They'll raise their children secular, too."

Dumia Awida's youthful rebellion may have been too successful, even for her liking. Sitting in Ashwak Kayouf's living room, Awida looks warily at her 16-year-old daughter Enas, who is clad in faded jeans and a white T-shirt. Her dark hair hangs loosely down her back, and she smiles openly at visitors, offering her opinions in excited English. She talks eagerly about studying at the Wingate Institute near Netanya to become a sports instructor, not a usual profession for a Druse girl.

"I'm in a dilemma," Awida admits. "On one hand, I want to give her freedom and support her in whatever she wants to do. On the other hand, I want her to preserve the Druse traditions."

Enas says that the traditions "are important" to her, "but there's a limit." Her mother shifts uncomfortably on the sofa.

Keeping the next generation tied to Druse tradition, while satisfying their need

**'A Jewish girl might say she wants to be a teacher, while a Druse girl would say she wants to be a teacher so she can better serve her community.'**  
— Dr. Rachel Seginer

to be part of the surrounding modern society, occupies much of the discussion between Kayouf and her friends, and is a frequent topic at the Ushiya Druse women's center.

"There's a lack of direction among the young people today," says Raja Abu Ruken, 24, a student at Haifa University. "There's a growing gap between the religious leaders and the young people, most of whom want to be more modern. Extremism is increasing."

"Change is happening fast in the Druse sector today," says Ashwak Kayouf. "Israeli Jews don't always understand that correctly. They think we're all completely traditional, even primitive."

Kayouf and her friends complain about a speech Deputy Foreign Minister Yossi Beilin delivered at last month's Haifa University conference.

"What do I really know of the Druse woman?" Beilin asked the audience rhetorically. He described "seeing her in the street, dressed traditionally, surrounded by her children, and I know she won't put out her hand to me." He talked of "seeing her, more rarely, in her home," giving him "a shy smile as she disappears into the kitchen."

"I'm not an exhibit in a nature reserve," huffs Kayouf. "Sometimes Jews come to visit us in our homes. They say, 'Oh, how clean your house is! And you drive! And you're educated, and you work and you're a mother!' What's wrong with them?"

"We're open to the world, not closeted away like in the past," adds Afaf Dabian. "We want the man in the street to know

that we are people, too," Kayouf continues. "I can fulfill several tasks together — wife, mother, worker — like any Jewish woman. I'm not less capable because I'm Druse. We have the same thoughts, the same feelings."

An important task confronting Kayouf and her coworkers in the nascent Council for Druse Women is convincing Druse women themselves that their daughters are as important as their sons. Druse society, like Arab society, is sharply patriarchal in its values, the women say.

"Parents treat their boys with special consideration," Kayouf charges. "Druse mothers often take their boys with them when they go out, and tell their girls to stay home. We need to tell those women to value their girls, so the girls will develop a strong self-identity. Otherwise, equality will never be achieved."

Social worker Maha Ali says that wife-beating is high in the Druse community, and is as hidden as the tenets of the community's secret faith. Honor killings of women suspected of adultery or lewd behavior occurs occasionally, with one or two reported a year in Galilee or Golan villages. There has been no known case in Ushiya or Daliat al-Carmel for at least 20 years, she says.

When Ichlas Bassam, a 38-year-old Druse woman who lived in New York, was murdered by her brother last July in the village of Rama, the community thought at first it was an honor killing carried out because the woman wore a short skirt and lipstick during a Channel 1 interview, and talked about being a single woman.

A protest was held in Rama a week after the woman's death. Representatives of every major women's organization in the country attended. Kayouf, however, was the only Druse.

"The men wouldn't let them go," explains Dumia Awida.

It has since been learned that the murder was motivated by money, not by lost honor. But the hurt feelings remain.

"It was easier for the men to accept when they thought it was an honor killing," Ali charges. "It may be strictly forbidden by Druse religion, but it's tacitly accepted in the more traditional villages."

"If a Druse woman goes out with another man, it's considered acceptable for her husband to beat her," Kayouf amends. "But not killing. [Bassam] dressed and acted differently than other Druse women. It was easy to think of her as outside the community."

Kayouf says that sometimes she is afraid. "Our community is not yet enlightened enough to understand what I'm saying. They nod their heads as if they understand, but they really don't. Most of the men don't agree with me. That's why I have to struggle, and that's why I won't stop."

"I want my daughters to grow up knowing that they are equal to their brothers in every way. And I want them to be proud Druse women and mothers, proud to be living in a democratic society, proud to be Israeli. We have to find that balance."

Driving home one afternoon after another meeting, Kayouf spreads out her hands on the steering wheel. She is wearing no jewelry, except for one simple bracelet. Druse women shun jewelry for reasons of modesty. In general, the Druse woman must avoid drawing attention to her body.

"That comes from seeing women only as a sexual object, as a source of constant temptation and nothing else," she says. "I want people to see me as a capable individual."

Kayouf drives hours every day, rushing between her home, her children, and her various jobs, paid and volunteer. Some people in her village accuse her of unfeminine behavior. She grins.

"They think I'm behaving a little like a man?" she asks. "Fine. Then I'll show them I can behave a lot like a man. I'm not giving up."

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# Putting on Airs

**S**ome things have to be taken pretty much on faith. One of them is the effectiveness of household air-purifying devices.

You can't see a difference, except perhaps in the amount of dust dancing in a ray of sunlight. You hear very little sound, and the air does not grow cooler or warmer, as with an air conditioner.

Yet air purifiers are supposed to make you feel better and stay healthier. Manufacturers say these mechanisms will turn the stale air of your living room into the rarefied atmosphere of the Swiss Alps. In fact, one of the leading brands available here is called Mountain Breeze, imported from the UK. It's competing mainly with the home-grown air-treatment devices produced and exported by Amcor, a subsidiary of Amcor.

Importing air processors to this country is a little like bringing coals to Newcastle, since Amcor has long been a major supplier of such devices to the US market. The company has been manufacturing them for 20 years and exporting them for 17.

For the US market, it sells both under the Amcor name and under the house-brand name of Slant/Fin, a veteran American firm for home heating and cooling. Amcor also sells to the UK, Germany, Hong Kong, Taiwan and Korea.

IN SEARCH of a non-commercial view on household air purifiers, I turned to the Environment Ministry. The director of its air-quality division, Michael Graber, told me that "there is a lot of consciousness about indoor air pollution in the US, but not so much here." He says we should aspire to the same standards of quality in our indoor air as we demand outdoors.

A well-designed air processor can efficiently remove unwanted particles from the air, Graber says. He notes that there are serious locally made products, but declines to discuss brands.

Contrary to the purifiers' promoters, Graber contends that "air conditioning usually improves the air quality." This is partly due, he says, to the fact that "a good air conditioner has a filter." He concedes that some of the improvement may simply be due to the fact that "when you lower the temperature [in summertime], people generally feel better."

In particular, he observes, those who suffer from pollen and other airborne pollutants generally feel better when air conditioning is on. That's my personal observation, too.

ALMOST IN direct contradiction, Amcor's head of development, Mordechai Yavnieli, says that an air conditioner only exchanges a maximum of 10 percent of the air in the room for fresh outdoor air. The more rooms are air-conditioned, either for cooling or heating, the more critical the problem of stale indoor air becomes, he says.

"The filter of an air conditioner is effective only on fairly large particles," he notes. In sharp contrast, Amcor's Amron division makes a product which claims to be 99.97% effective in removing irritating particles as small as 0.3 microns in size. (It would take over 30 million 0.3 micron particles to cover the head of a pin, the manufacturer says.)

Filtered particles include pollen, dust, animal dander, mold spores, tobacco smoke, and even bacteria, according to Amcor's literature on its Hepa-Clear air purifier.

Yavnieli says that Hepa stands for High Efficient Particle Arrestor. An American cartoon for the product, labeled as the Slant/Fin Hepa-Clear, refers to Hepa as an acronym for High Efficiency Particulate Air. Take your pick. Hepa-Clear claims to



HEIR PONTENERS

## Can consumers really breathe easier with purifying devices in their homes?

By Martha Meisels

be a purifier of medical standards, suitable for people suffering from asthma, hay fever and other allergies.

The manufacturer says the US Food and Drug Administration recognizes it as a medical device (I didn't see written proof of this) and that US health-insurance companies recognize its purchase as a legitimate medical expense. The label says the 99.97% efficiency figure was verified in tests at something called the ELT Testing Laboratories, Inc., in the US.

The optimal size room for the Hepa-Clear is three-by-five meters (15 square meters) with a standard-height ceiling. In a room of that size, it reportedly changes the air four times every hour. In larger rooms, there will be less frequent changes, but the device still claims to provide "true Hepa filtering efficiency."

The Hepa-Clear looks like a small, neat white garbage can, which can sit on the floor or on a table. It has slots on the side for air intake, and slots on the top for air discharge. It also features a two-speed electrical fan, said to be quiet, especially on low. Electricity consumption is minimal - about 40 hours' operation per kWh. The air cleansing takes place through a two-stage filtration process, the second in a sophisticated glass microfiber filter.

A third stage is called ionization. This means that negative ions are returned to the air, in Hepa-Clear's case by means of a patented carbon filament which produces them.

IN A QUIRK of linguistic logic, negative ions in the atmosphere are the ones which have a positive influence on our well-being. In various experiments, negative ions have been credited with everything from increasing productivity in turkeys to improving the performance of Olympic athletes.

The unpolluted great outdoors, especial-

ly where there is running water, has an abundance of negative ions in the atmosphere. When air is polluted, the amount of negative ions goes down drastically.

Certain weather conditions, such as a *sharav*, also reduce the percentage of (good) negative ions in relation to (bad) positive ions - which is why some of us feel so uncomfortable during one.

Enriching the indoor air with negative ions reportedly makes most people feel better and more energetic. Additionally, negative ions link with dust particles in the air and cause them to settle, thus further lowering pollution levels in the air we breathe.

Amcor used to sell simple ionizers without fans or internal filters, but no longer markets these here. A sophisticated Hepa-Clear air purifier retails here for NIS 650. It is marketed through Static, and is sold directly by telephone (03-924-5559) or mail order (POB 3406, Petah Tikva 49133), and in stores such as the Super-Pharm chain.

Hepa-Clear, however, has one drawback for some consumers: it does not even claim to do away with household odors.

Many air purifiers, including another by Amron itself, contain an activated carbon filter which absorbs odors. The Hepa-Clear does not. Amron development chief Yavnieli says that no way has been found to combine Hepa-Clear's highly-efficient micro-particle filter with an effective small-fighting activated carbon filter.

The commercial distributor, Static, however, has improvised a solution, with the knowledge and consent of Amron. Any customer who feels that odor removal is more important than micro-particle removal can buy Hepa-Clear with an activated carbon filter in place of its original high-efficiency filter, at no extra cost. The adapted air processor will still filter out

dust particles, thanks to its first-stage foam filter, but can no longer guarantee true Hepa filtration at 99.97% efficiency. In other words, as the saying goes, "You pay your money and take your choice." For further details, contact Moshe Riva at Static.

Amron offers another choice, also via Static. This is the less-expensive, less-sophisticated Multi Six air purifier, which looks like a small blow-heater. It claims to clean the air of pollutants (smoke, dust, pollen, fibers, soot, airborne fungi and bacteria) while also reducing odors through activated carbon absorption.

In addition, it produces negative ions and even permits you to dispense some capsules, but does not claim the degree of purification of the Hepa-Clear.

The Multi Six costs NIS 410 and can sit on a table or hang on a wall. It is said to be effective in air-purifying an area of five to 10 square meters and ionizing an area of 20 square meters.

THE BRITISH-made Mountain Breeze poses serious competition to Amcor. Its air purifiers claim to deodorize, ionize and perfume a room while depolluting it, and they purportedly cover a larger area than the comparably priced Amcors. Mountain Breeze is imported here by Titan of Ness Ziona, headed by Eli Malul.

The Air System F-400 by Mountain Breeze sells for NIS 644 and is said to service an area of up to 20 square meters, making it suitable for generous-sized living rooms, as well as for bedrooms and kitchens.

The larger Air System F-800, at NIS 855, is said to be suitable for more heavily polluted or larger-than-average rooms, up to 30 square meters. This includes many offices as well as spacious homes.

Mountain Breeze brochures explain that polluted air is drawn first through a deodorizing filter of activated carbon, which absorbs smells. Next a so-called "electret" (sic) filter traps pollutant particles by means of electrical attraction. This filter reportedly removes particles smaller than one micron, thereby coping with dust, cigarette smoke, pollen and bacteria "with up to 99% efficiency." (No lab test results are cited to back this up.)

An ionization feature restores the negative balance of the air, "bringing all the benefits of clean, fresh, crisp mountain air into your home or office," according to the brochure.

In addition, you can clip a fragrance diffuser onto the front grill, which allows a scent of your choice to waft continuously into the air.

For lesser needs and smaller budgets, Mountain Breeze also offers the CleanAir 200, at NIS 199, described as an air filtration unit for lighter pollution in rooms up to 12 square meters. It deodorizes and filters, but does not ionize.

Mountain Breeze's Vaporizer, at NIS 149, uses no-mess replaceable pads impregnated with a blend of oils, including menthol and eucalyptus. A variation of this device is an aromatherapy kit with a starter selection of liquid aromatic oils in bottles.

The UK brand also offers a number of non-filtering ionizers, which enrich air and help settle dust, priced from NIS 220 to NIS 360. For summer, you can have a desktop personal Air Cooler which works on a water-cartridge, at NIS 199. It can also be used to dispense aromatherapy oils.

Titan markets Mountain Breeze products via direct phone sales (08-408366, fax 08-401456) and mail order (POB 405, Ness Ziona 74104). It is available at select stores, including the Super Office chain, the Shor-Tabachnik pharmacies (in Tel Aviv), and some electrical appliance shops. All products carry a minimum two-year guarantee.

If buying by direct phone, fax or mail order, there is a 14-day money back offer, no reason necessary. However, customers should be careful to return unwanted goods within the stated time limit.

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## YOUR WEEK JUST GOT EVEN BRIGHTER THE JERUSALEM POST

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# Better Read than Dead

A DEAD MAN IN DEPTFORD  
by Anthony Burgess. New York,  
Carroll & Gmf. 272 pp. \$21.

By Malcolm L. Johnson

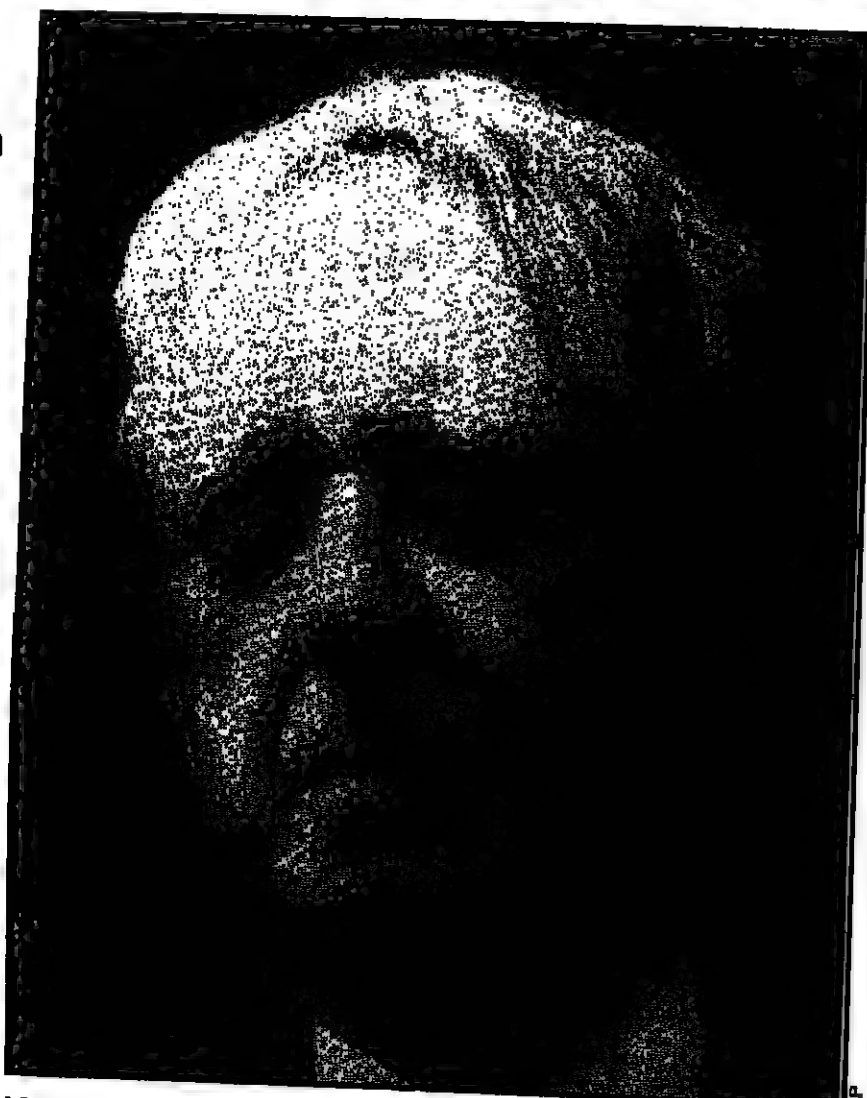
**A** *Dead Man in Deptford*, Anthony Burgess's vivid, mordant portrait of Christopher Marlowe, may put a crimp in the plans of would-be time travelers to the Elizabethan era.

In his final novel before his death in 1993, Burgess paints the great period of creative ferment and discovery as a time of betrayal, suspicion, rampant disease and sudden, violent death. Marlowe himself met such a murderous end, stabbed in the eye in what has often been described as a tavern brawl in Deptford. Hence the title.

Burgess sets out a more conspiratorial interpretation of the killing of Marlowe in 1593 at the age of 29. Besides his occupations as a playwright, poet and scholar, Marlowe was sent on undercover missions to Roman Catholic Europe for Queen Elizabeth's Protestant England. His assailants, Ingram Frizer, Robert Pole and Nicholas Skeres (who struck the fatal blow), knew Marlowe through their own work in the secret service. Skeres's hateful farewell to Marlowe indicates some of the feeling against him: "Filthy sodomite. Filthy buggerer seducer of men and boys. Nasty godless, sneering, fleeing bastard."

Burgess's Marlowe is indeed presented as a lover of men, drawn to the noble Thomas Walsingham, who used Skeres as a bodyguard on their missions abroad. Marlowe was also an atheist, in the circle of the free-thinking freebooter and naval hero Sir Walter Raleigh. Besides his homophilia and heresy, Marlowe was also inducted into another forbidden cult by the urbane explorer Raleigh: the pleasures of tobacco. In some ways, Marlowe can be seen as a thoroughly modern man, a gay secular humanist with a taste for drugs.

As the author of a biography of



Marlowe's contemporary, William Shakespeare, and also of a conjectural novel about the great playwright's love life, *Nothing Like the Sun*, Burgess thoroughly steeped himself in Elizabethan England. *A Dead Man in Deptford* thus communicates a thoroughgoing sense of life in a time when men—even Marlowe—carried swords and daggers, where ene-

mies of the state were hanged and butchered in public, where the favorites of the Virgin Queen, such as Raleigh and the Earl of Essex, could be then branded as traitors and sent to the block.

Although Burgess tells Marlowe's story through the eyes of an unnamed actor, *A Dead Man in Deptford* concerns itself less with a life in the theater than with Kit's

forays abroad, his blissful days and nights with Tom Walsingham and the pleasures of talk and tobacco at the Raleigh establishment. *Tamburlaine the Great*, *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Edward II* and *The Massacre of Paris* are all touched upon, as are Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Amores*, his "Hero and Leander" and the famed lyric "Come Live with Me and Be My Love." Tribute is paid to Marlowe's "mighty line," as extolled by Ben Jonson.

Burgess's narration, stirring in bits of Marlowe, is colloquial and thick and proves a remarkably quick read as the book moves from bedrooms to barrooms with the witty Raleigh, the effete Essex, the sensual but faithless Walsingham, the roaring actor Alleyn and the promoter-whoremaster Henslowe. *A Dead Man in Deptford* introduces fellow dramatists, the unfortunate Thomas Kyd and, belatedly, the shrewd and democratic Shakespeare.

Burgess makes the world of the low-born Marlowe—also known as Marlin or Marley, but always as Kit—a dark and perilous place. He portrays Kit as an artist and sometime adventurer unable to find his place in that world, a volatile, argumentative, brilliant man, living by his wits but swept into an irresistible fatal current.

The playwright and poet and sometime spy is seen through the eyes of a much lesser man, the clever, jesting actor. But the voice of Burgess—storyteller, linguist, imaginer of lost and future worlds—is also heard. In his graceful, brief afterword, Burgess tells of working on his own master's thesis on Marlowe in 1940, before the beginning of the Battle of Britain.

Burgess finishes Marlowe off with a deft bit of poetry. "Dying, he knew the scream would not die with him, not yet. It lived for a time its own life. He even knew, marvelling, looking down on it, that his body had fallen, thudding. Then he knew nothing more."

And he ends his epilogue with an epitaph to Marlowe that might describe his own writing: "That inimitable voice sings on." (The *Hartford Courant*)

## A Poorly Lit Life

By S.T. Meravi

**M**en in Black is a novel about the vagaries and the vicissitudes of modern literary life, things about which Scott Spencer knows a good deal.

For one thing, Spencer is among the most talented young novelists in America. Of his half-dozen novels, however, only *Endless Love* proved to be a truly masterful work, and only *Waking the Dead* ever edged near that same level of accomplishment.

For another thing, Spencer has now had the bad luck to publish a novel on the literary life at the very same moment that Britain's Martin Amis has given us *The Information*, a much flashier and yet much richer novel on the same subject. The publication of both novels was attended by much publicity and commentary, but only Amis is getting the readers.

Spencer, however, is getting what he deserves. For while he has established an intriguing proposition for his novel, he fails to do much with it. Indeed, Spencer's premise is in some ways even more cunning than Amis's. Where the British writer explores a rivalry between two novelist friends, the American chooses to look at a novelist in rivalry with himself.

Spencer's Sam Holland is a fortyish, half-Jewish writer who longs to create serious fiction. But credibly enough, while

his work has been well reviewed, it hasn't earned him nearly enough to feed his wife Olivia and two kids. As a result, Holland has turned to the lowest of hack-work, publishing under the pen name John Retcliffe such throwaways as *Traveling with Your Pet*, *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Pro Football*, and *Crystal Death*, the last a cautionary work about table salt.

The latest piece of "John Retcliffe" rubbish is *Visitors from Above*, a book about close encounters with the so-called extraterrestrial Men in Black. Unexpectedly, *Visitors from Above* becomes a mega-smash seller. The publisher accordingly coerces Sam Holland into promoting the book in a coast-to-coast tour of pseudonymous radio and TV interviews and book signings.

So poor Sam Holland is forced to swallow his identity and to flog a piece of work that he knows is a piece of crap. But it's not just a simple case of the dedicated artist reduced to ignominy. Holland lusts for success, but only of the right sort.

Sam Holland desires American cultural taste while profiting from it. He also wants the attention of his wife, who is slipping away from him, or perhaps outgrowing him, even while he has his love affairs on the side. And he craves the love and respect of his children, one of whom, the teenage son, has run away from home even at the moment Sam undertakes his book promotion tour.

So a lot of interesting spheres are set spinning in *Men in Black*. But Spencer doesn't seem to know quite what to do with them. Sam Holland, while given to many positive impulses, is still too ignoble and egocentric to engender much concern; a character who stubbornly hasn't a clue that his problems are of his own making tends to irritate readers rather than win their sympathy.

Sam, after all, is the sort of fellow who at novel's end attempts to excuse his wicked ways to his wife by quoting Dante: "Midway in our life's journey, I went astray from the straight road and awoke to find myself in a dark wood." Not unreasonably, Olivia replies: "Sam. Please. It's late."

The reader tends to agree. Not only has Sam Holland proved to be tiresome and pretentious, but so has much of the novel. Spencer, for example, doesn't explore nearly enough the interior conflicts of the disturbed runaway son, and Olivia, while sympathetic, is largely constructed of stock materials.

Similarly, Spencer mentions several times that Holland's pseudonym, John Retcliffe, is the name of the Polish postal clerk who authored the notorious forgery called *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. The flying-saucer book of course is something of a forgery itself. But this coincidence is too inappropriate to bear any meaning.

Sad to report, the writing of *Men in Black* is also strained to the breaking point. Friends, relatives and acquaintances are introduced by the score. None serves to move the story forward. Mainly they're just herded by as exhibits of people who just don't love and appreciate Sam Holland.

Just as each character is introduced with a potted biography and formulaic description, virtually every setting is accompanied by a writerly metaphor that sounds taken off a notecard. These are often cute, but usually meaningless. Sam Holland observes, for example, that grazing cows "looked like bloated black-and-white saddle shoes scattered over a carpet." Did they? At the moment Sam Holland was heading for a crisis confrontation? Well, why?

Above all, for a character caught in a web of irony—success of the wrong sort and under someone else's name—Sam Holland is peculiarly bereft of irony or even a redeeming breath of humor.

Like Martin Amis's Richard Tull, the protagonist of *The Information*, Sam Holland aspires to be an artist, but is self-absorbed to the point of self-defeat. Since Richard Tull has made himself ridiculous, Amis employs humor to ridicule him. The result is rich if bitter comedy.

Scott Spencer by contrast doggedly reaches for tragic dimensions. But Spencer's Sam Holland is at once too shallow to be tragic and too smug in his sincerity to be comic. The result from this often very good writer is neither comedy nor tragedy but something in the middle—and something of a muddle.

# Unhappy Mann

THOMAS MANN: A Biography  
by Ronald Hayman. New York,  
Scribner. 673 pp. \$35.

By Shirley Granovetter

**R**onald Hayman has also produced biographies of Proust, Sartre, and Kafka. His *Thomas Mann* is, like the others, a gigantic critical, literary and historical undertaking. Because he is the first to have access to material formerly hidden from the public, Hayman shows that Mann, speaking freely about his own most private life through the mouths of his fictional characters, was able to mask, shield, and keep secret the inner man, revealing himself only in his notebooks.

The order of composition is unusual. First, there is a short acknowledgment, then a 30-page chronology, minutely constructed, which includes dates of family occurrences and historic events from 1644 to August 16, 1955, the day Mann was buried. Next, a 15-page prologue, entitled "Sidestepping Happiness," which sums up much of Mann's amazing personality, from his youthful early days to the end of his life.

Indeed, the entire Mann family, as well as Thomas, made a special effort to sidestep happiness. The body of the book comprises five parts, each consisting of numerous chapters. These relate in great detail the events of Thomas Mann's life and work, with much that is new and startling in terms of literary criticism and historical background. Then we have the epilogue, notes, bibliography, and index, lest we should be in any doubt that this is an authoritative, comprehensive, scholarly work.

Thomas Mann's father was a wealthy businessman in Lübeck, an independent city

on the northern coast of Germany, not far from Denmark. Although Thomas's brother, Louis Heinrich (known throughout his life as Heinrich), was four years older than he was, Thomas (born Paul Thomas on June 6, 1875) was expected to enter his father's lucrative business. But he was drawn, as Heinrich had been, to literary pursuits, and as early as August 1894 he completed *The Old King*, a verse play. Throughout their lives, a strong sibling rivalry affected the brothers' relationship, sometimes producing hatred and jealousy, sometimes guilty forgiveness.

Thomas always assumed a cold, controlled, outward image, while within he was assailed by doubts. Attracted by handsome young men, many of whom he wrote about, he nevertheless married and fathered six children. He married for advancement rather than love. His wife, Katia, was the beloved and beautiful child of a wealthy, half-Jewish couple. His father-in-law helped him financially. Mann behaved perversely toward his children, often creating problems that would remain with them throughout their lives. Suicide became a popular cure for troubles in the Mann family. Two sisters killed themselves, and Thomas's son Klaus (his favorite, although he never showed it) attempted suicide twice, succeeding the second time. Toward his youngest son, Michael, Thomas was cruelly tyrannical, and Michael responded with lifelong hatred.

What mattered most to Mann were not the members of his family, or his friends, who were very loyal, but his writing and his public image. This Nobel Prize-winning genius was a driven man, always yearning for success in the eyes of the world. Indeed, he was honored by great universities, literary societies, and governments. Living in many countries, at various times a citizen of Germany,

Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, and the US, he was a man of the world, entertained by world leaders. His fictional characters and scenes were drawn from real life. He daringly used some of his closest friends as material, changing only their names.

He hated Hitler and Nazism. He left Germany in time and broadcast often to his fellow Germans from America.

To the public, he was an elegant, charming, and self-centered man, lecturing widely and reading from works in progress.

He was a lover of animals, especially dogs; one of his early works was entitled

*Master and Dog*.

Which was his masterpiece? Was it *Buddenbrooks*, or the *Joseph* series, or *The Magic Mountain*, or *Death in Venice*? Surely the entire body of his work, which was his life, comprised his masterpiece.

Privately, he seemed to be an enormously self-absorbed, unhappy man, never realizing that he had achieved his goal. As he wrote to a friend, he was constantly seeking "forms and masks which can be displayed in public as a means of relaying my love, my hatred, my sympathy, my contempt, my pride, my scorn and the accusations I want to make."

## A Queer Nationalism

LIBERAL NATIONALISM  
by Yael Tamir. Princeton, NJ,  
Princeton University Press,  
194 pp. \$24.95/\$17.50.

By Nissim Rejwan

**A** question springs to mind on reading Yael Tamir's *Liberal Nationalism*. Is this a learned treatise on a brand of nationalism that actually exists or has existed, or is it an impassioned plea for the adoption of a new species of nationalism, one the author fancies and has dubbed "liberal"?

The question arises partly because the book, which is far more a plea than a scholarly investigation, is based on a doctoral dissertation, and it's well known that dissertations are not considered—let alone approved—if they comprise a mixture of wishful thinking and special pleading, no matter how well intentioned and well documented.

This reader is touched by the author's eagerness and fine sentiments. As we learn from the dedication to her parents, Tamir has been "educated...to believe that to be a Zionist means to respect individuals, their rights, and their national aspirations."

Her interest in "liberal nationalism," arose, we are told, out of a process of "self-reflection." Having been active in Peace Now and in the civil rights movement, she writes, "I was frequently required to justify the complex positions held by supporters of the peace movement, and to vindicate its moderate version of national commitment as a legitimate Zionist approach."

Her attempts to explain these positions, she adds, made her "aware of the vulnerability of the liberal nationalist position, forced to contend with the censure of both liberals and nationalists." All of which finally "led [her] to a concern with the theoretical dimensions of liberal nationalism."

The theoretical dimensions of what "liberal nationalism" one is tempted to ask. In the course of the 150 years or so since the rash started to spread out of darkest *Mittleuropa*, all kinds of adjectives have been appended to "nationalism"—cultural, ethnic, ethnocentric, linguistic, tribal, religious, pan-something or other, even "moderate."

While many of these brands of the doctrine may apply in specific situations and to specific societies, "liberal nationalism"—which Tamir often equates with another,

even queerer creature she liberally terms "pluralistic nationalism"—has never been located, acknowledged or defined.

Tamir, a senior lecturer in philosophy at Tel Aviv University, is insistent. Among students of nationalism, she complains, "there is a hidden assumption... which grants validity only to its extreme interpretation, and identifies it with fanaticism, violent struggle, and disaster."

Citing Popper, Berlin, Seton-Watson and others to the effect that nationalism is an irrational relic of a barbaric past, and that it appeals to men's desire to be relieved of the strain of individual responsibility by substituting a collective or group responsibility, she comments: "This attack on nationalism notwithstanding, this book attempts to describe an interpretation of nationalism that cherishes reason and the open society, rests on a systematic view of human nature and the world order, and on a coherent set of universally applicable values."

Regrettably, though, the interpretation Tamir makes such a valiant attempt to present is purely theoretical and entirely her own, having no relationship whatever to the situation on the ground, past or present. Indeed, the nearest thing to a defini-

tion she offers of the nationalism of her choice is hazy: "The main characteristic of liberal nationalism is that it fosters national ideals without losing sight of other human values against which national ideals ought to be weighed."

Again, retorting to Hans Kohn's harsh appraisal of "cultural nationalism," she describes liberal nationalism as "pluralistic and open," sees national groups as "not only a product of history, but also of human will," and broadly follows humanist tradition.

Tamir says liberal nationalism is "structured in line with the assumptions of ethical individualism, and she states that 'the only way to justify any social practice is by reference to the interests of those people who are affected by it.'" (The quote is from B.M. Barry.)

Liberal nationalism, we are told further, "rules out appeals in the name of God, Nature, History, Culture, the Glorious Dead, the Spirit of the Nation, or any other such metaphysical entities, unless these claims can be justified in terms of human interests."

Liberal nationalism, in short, seems to share literally none of the characteristics of what most of us have come to recognize as "nationalism." It also sounds so tame and innocent that its disciples allegedly cannot even contemplate what nationalists all over have been habitually doing all along, i.e., justifying their absurd claims "In terms of human interests." Put simply, it all sounds too ideal to be feasible.



## Behind the Veil

PRICE OF HONOR: Muslim Women Lift the Veil of Silence on the Islamic World by Jan Goodwin. Toronto, Little, Brown & Company. 363 pp. Can.\$26.95.

By Heather Chait

**H**er scarlet satin underwear with black lace under her miniskirt, sheer black hose and very high-heeled black suede pumps are perfectly concealed behind a black full-length wraparound coat (chador) and a large headscarf (hijab). This is the anomaly of the woman in the Islamic world dressed to kill but forbidden to show her face, even her eyes, in public.

Awakened to the helplessness of an 11-year-old child she befriended in Pakistan who was sold by her father as a bargaining chip so he could remarry, journalist Jan Goodwin delves into the Islamic world, the unbridled increase of Islamic fundamentalism and its effect on the women, the "cannaries in the mines." The journey takes Goodwin to Afghanistan, Pakistan, Iran, the United Arab Emirates, Kuwait, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, the West Bank and Gaza, and Egypt, introducing her to all levels of women and their male "decisioners."

Clinging Mohammed as a leader in women's rights, Goodwin, who describes herself as the product of "the advent of the Pill and the voices of Gloria Steinem and Germaine Greer," outlines how his words — "treat your women well and be kind to them" — have been eroded in direct proportion to the rise of Islamic fundamentalism.

Set against calls for women to stop working, to stay home and to receive limited education, leading Islamic exponents of both sexes readily quote passages of the Koran which favor the male, not unexpectedly since only men are allowed and encouraged to read it.

Throughout the book, a devout respect for Islam explains the extreme situations to which women are subjected. Being a second, third or fourth wife is hailed as a protection for women, particularly war widows, and as preferable to Western extramarital affairs. Veiling is seen as helping to contain male sexuality.

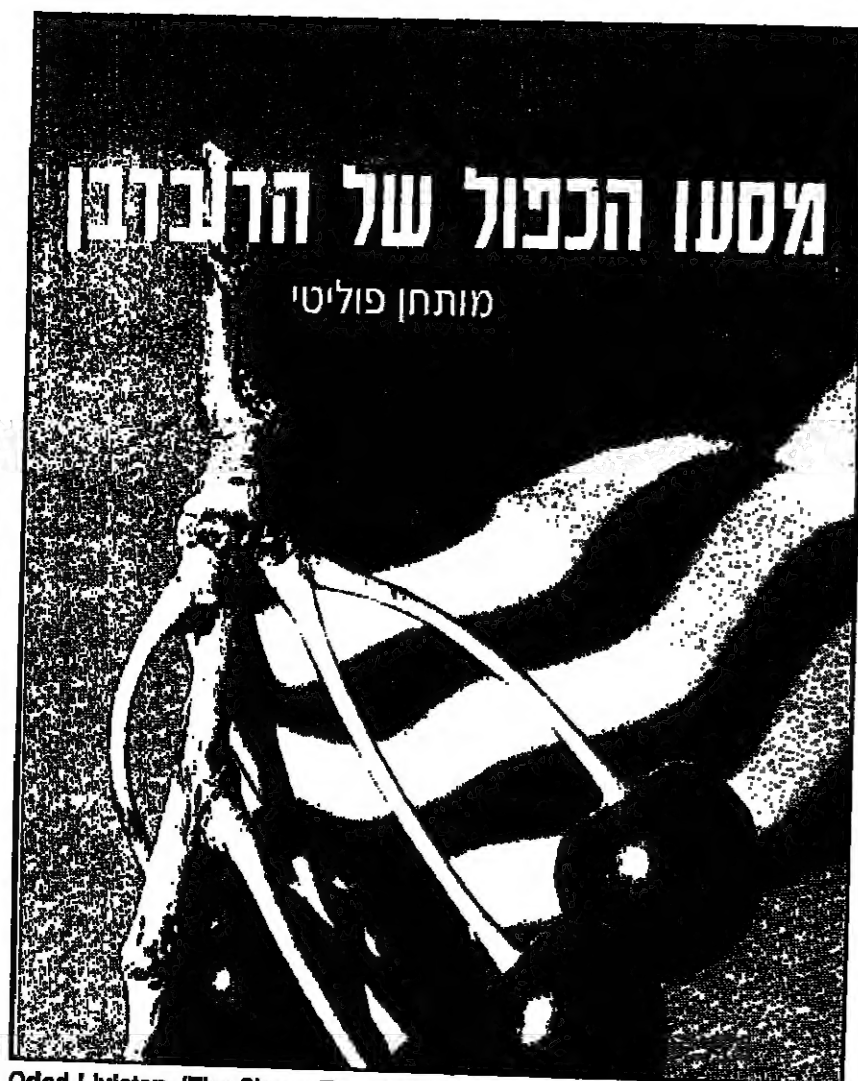
But horrifying tales of hymen restoration three days before the wedding, and female circumcision performed just before puberty by untrained midwives without painkillers, are not the entire story.

An enlightening chapter deals with US-born women who live in Kuwait, have forsaken their homeland, converted to Islam and found a real sense of belonging. Even as second or abandoned wives, they preach the advantages of an Islamic life over the materialism of America.

Goodwin places each country in socioeconomic perspective, gloating conclusions about the lives of women. In the United Arab Emirates, a sheikh reportedly spent \$30m. on jewelry for his new wife, and some European women earn \$30,000 a month (excluding 5-star hotel accommodation and gifts) working as prostitutes; life for the superwealthy there is full of private parties with alcohol and drugs.

In war-torn Iraq, where a can of powdered milk costs more than a month's salary, Goodwin momentarily strays from the women's angle as she describes the abhorrent health system and the rampant diseases. During the Intifada, Palestinian women, struggling under the occupation and fundamentalism, emerged as a force in their own right. Hamas subsequently altered this by ordering women out of the political arena and back into the home.

The glaring inadequacy in this otherwise thoroughly researched and documented book is the absence of photographs.



Oded Liviatan, 'The Cherry Traveled Twice,' Hakibbutz Hameuhad.

READING FROM  
RIGHT TO LEFT  
BY JEFF GREEN

**T**he unnamed heroine and narrator of *Vacuum* by Ronit Yedaya is a woman in her thirties with plenty of objective reasons to be unhappy. This novel, published in Zmor-Bitan's literary series edited by Nitzan Ben-Ari, proceeds in barely connected, descriptive fragments, occasionally interspersed with sections narrated in the voice of the heroine's five-year-old daughter. These, paradoxically, provide background and continuity, an objective underpinning to the narrator's disconnected vignettes.

The title comes from the vacuum chambers in a kibbutz-owned factory where the heroine works, coating enormous rolls of plastic film with molten metals. After running up debts and generally making a hash of their lives, she and her family have become candidates for membership in the kibbutz.

She is an artist but can't ask to be transferred from her hazardous and boring job for fear of making a bad impression and spoiling the family's chances of being accepted. Meanwhile, one of her coworkers commits suicide, her father dies, and a man with whom she has been having an affair drops her abruptly to marry a popular singer.

Significantly, she identifies all the characters in the book, except one, by only their first initials or with an impersonal epithet like "the painter." The exception is Yonatan, a boy she apparently knew when she was much younger. He is dead, but his bleeding body keeps appearing to the narrator in visions that are just as real to her as the other experiences she relates.

The author, an artist herself, has her narrator describe vividly what she sees and does, but she never expresses in words the desperation she feels and acts out. She

describes her disintegrating life almost without affect, giving equal weight to the technical details of work in the factory, to her sexual affairs, to her art, to snatches of radio and TV shows, to her family and to an apparently imaginary trip to Turkey. *Vacuum* is very convincing and gripping, if you can live with a book that refuses to make everything explicit.

**THE WORLDVIEW** of Bechot Derachecha Da'ehu by Rabbi Elchanan Blumenenthal, published by the Dvir Yerushalayim Yeshiva and Carmel, could not be more foreign to that of *Vacuum*. The title, taken from Proverbs 3:6, means: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him."

The first part of Blumenenthal's book recounts his eventful life on four continents. He was born in Germany during World War I, studied in yeshivot in Lithuania, narrowly escaped the continent for England at the outbreak of World War II, was sent to Australia and then worked as a rabbi in South Africa before settling in Jerusalem in the 1950s. Along with his rabbinical studies, while fate drove him from place to place, he also earned a doctorate in clinical psychology.

Here he has been an active and prominent educator, associated with many institutions, including the yeshiva for the newly religious which published his book.

The second part of Blumenenthal's book contains thoughtful articles on issues such as whether there is a traditional Jewish doctrine of aesthetics and the supposed conflict between science and religion. The author is articulate and learned, both in traditional Jewish sources and in secular Western studies, willing to accept the contradictions between the two while maintaining a thoroughly Orthodox way of life.

FOR LIGHTER reading, turn to *Masa'o Hakafat Shel Hadivdevan* ("The Cherry Traveled Twice") by Oded Liviatan, published by Hakibbutz Hameuhad. Billed as a political thriller, this novel is set in the US. The main characters are a young professor whose sideline is serving as a CIA agent, ambitious politicians and big-money men.

This book aims to raise serious questions about the future of democratic regimes

when a lot of power and money are at stake. Liviatan is himself a senior economist with the Bank of Israel and a lecturer in economics at Tel Aviv University. He writes with intelligence, and the reader is swiftly caught up in the plot.

*Rikud Hadov* ("Dance of the Bear") by Oren Sanderson, published by Keter, is also a thriller set in the US. Unlike Liviatan's book, which hardly betrays its Israeli origins, Sanderson's story concerns Israeli agents who foul things up in America. His hero is the security agent at the Israeli Consulate in Boston. A pretty young woman shows up there, claims to be an Israeli spy and says she is in danger. The consul wants nothing to do with her, but, against his better judgment, the security agent takes her under his wing.

Sanderson, the book jacket tells us, is the pseudonym of a former intelligence agent who still occupies a "central position" in government service. Although his book indicates familiarity with security procedures, it starts off at a snail's pace and then slows down.

IT IS amusing that Israelis should write suspense novels set in the US, as if life here were boring. Lest we forget where we are, the Ministry of Defense has published *Lexikon Ashaf* ("Lexicon of the PLO"), by Guy Bechor, a journalist for the Hebrew daily *Ha'aretz*. If, for example, you are not quite sure where the Palestine National Council fits into the structure of the PLO, or vice versa, flip to page 200 and find 10 columns describing the history and composition of that body.

The book contains biographies of PLO leaders, analytical articles such as "Jordan, Relations With" and "Israel, Recognition of," and enormous quantities of other information, presented clearly and illustrated with photographs, charts, maps and drawings.

Originally published in 1991, this valuable reference work has been revised considerably to keep pace with rapidly changing events.

THOUGH NOT originally a Hebrew book, it should be noted that Dvir has published *Ha'aravin Ba'Historia*, a translation by Mordechai Barkai of Bernard Lewis's *The Arabs in History*, a classic work on the history of the Middle East, first published in 1950 and revised in 1992.

A homegrown study of a vital stage in Israeli history is Zaki Shalom's *David Ben-Gurion, Medinat Yisrael V'ha'olam Ha'aravi, 1949-1956* ("David Ben-Gurion, the State of Israel and the Arab World...") published by the Ben-Gurion Research Center, where Shalom is a senior scholar, and Ben-Gurion University Press.

The book begins with a survey of Israel's situation in 1949 and then surveys the prospects for a peace settlement in the early years of the state, threats to the country's security, the decisions leading up to the Sinai Campaign, and Ben-Gurion's differences of opinion with other senior politicians, such as Moshe Sharett.

For another perspective on the local situation, see Yehudit Ronen's *Sudan Be'milhemet Ezrahim* ("Sudan in Civil War: Between Africanism, Arabism and Islam"), published by the Dayan Center at Tel Aviv University and Hakibbutz Hameuhad.

Like the conflict between Israel and the Arabs, the struggle between the Moslem north and the Christian and animist south in Sudan has been highly resistant to solution.

Ronen concentrates on events between 1972 and 1983, though her introduction surveys the 19th-century roots of the conflict and her conclusion takes us to the present. The book also includes maps, tables and short biographies of major political and military figures.

Ronen's conclusion is far from encouraging: a complex conflict has only grown more complex with the passage of time, and further bloodshed seems inevitable.

## The Inexplicable

SONG OF THE SOUL: Introduction to Kabbala by Rabbi Yechiel Bar-Lev. Jerusalem, Sefer Ve-Sefel. 380 pp. NIS 49.

THE COAT OF THE UNICORN by Natan Merel. Jerusalem. Published by the author. 448 pp. Price not stated.

THE LAST TRIAL: The Akedah by Shalom Spiegel. Translated by Judith Goldin. Woodstock, Vermont, Jewish Lights Publishing. 185 pp. \$17.95.

By Mordechai Beck



Sacrifice of Isaac

**O**ne of my most vivid moments studying *hassidut* many years ago was when one of our arcane group asked our revered teacher (rather bold-facedly I thought) where exactly were all these different worlds — of *anish* (emanation), *briya* (creation), *yczira* (formation) and *assiya* (making) — which he had been so painstakingly describing and analyzing for us week after week. Our teacher tapped on the table in front of him: "Here they are," he said with a smile that came with knowing that his students might finally have "got" the point.

I recall the incident not to suggest that I am one of the enlightened ones, even after this debt display by my teacher, but rather to point to the limitations of even the clearest book when it comes to explaining the esoteric. Yet, without mystical roots there is no religion, and even less spirituality.

*Song of the Soul* is the translation of the best-selling Hebrew original *Yedid Nefteli*. The English version (whose translator is mysteriously anonymous) presents the basic concepts of Kabbala — concerning God, Humanity and Nature — in a clear and logical way. As with earlier attempts in English (by Kaplan, Safran, and occasionally even Scholem), Rabbi Bar-Lev offers an outline to a complex and often obscure subject, clarifying abstract

notions with analogies drawn from exoteric Jewish texts (such as the Bible and Talmud), and from everyday life. This is not to say that the serious reader will not ultimately need to study with a teacher, or get to grips with the Hebrew/Aramaic original. But as a start this book is to be recommended.

THE author of *The Coat of the Unicorn*, ophthalmologist Natan Merel, offers an interesting selection of midrashim and aggadot, but only as "a necessary foundation for fuller and deeper appreciation in the future." This is a pity since by the author's own lights many of these highly imaginative texts defy simple or literal explanations. In many cases Merel does, in fact, offer a commentary, or by the very juxtaposition of texts suggests what their inner meaning might be. It is a shame that he did not use the opportunity of this handsomely produced volume to suggest novel interpretations more boldly. Perhaps the book is meant to test the reader's imagination.

For all that, the collection is a delight to dip into, its broad range of subjects and

sources demonstrating the author's familiarity with the texts which he renders into clear, unaffected English.

*The Last Trial* is a reprint of a study first published in Hebrew in 1950 and in English in 1967. Jewish Lights is to be congratulated for its Classic Reprints Series which brings important books like this to the notice of a new generation of readers.

Spiegel integrated a deep knowledge of Hebrew texts about the Akedah — including talmudic, midrashic and other traditional commentaries from many periods — with an appreciation of the universal implications of this terrifying narrative. He draws on parallel traditions, especially those of ancient Greece, comparing and contrasting the sacrifice of Isaac with, for example, the slaying of Iphigenia by her warrior father Agamemnon (only to have her body substituted by a hind and for her to become a priestess), and the miracle of Phrixus, son of Acolus, whose imminent sacrifice in a year of drought was averted by a ram sent by the gods, and which Phrixus sub-

sequently sacrifices as a thanksgiving offering.

Seen from another perspective, the Akedah incident is strikingly Zen Buddhist in tone — destroying the very thing you've placed at the center of your life, in order to test your spiritual enlightenment and your total lack of attachment to things material. Of course, another human being is not totally material and this is what makes Abraham's response unique. Nevertheless the story remains an inexplicable and harsh enigma.

In examining ancient commentaries, Spiegel shows how the sages were painfully aware of the near-tragic dimension of the episode and how they were quite capable of killing off Isaac at least metaphorically. In one version his ashes become the foundation of the Temple altar, thus becoming a leitmotif for Jewish sacrifice and martyrdom throughout the ages. In another version he is whisked away to the Heavenly Academy to study Torah till he is ready for marriage with Rebekah.

Equally fascinating is the way Spiegel traces how Christianity tried to appropriate the story for its own theological purposes: "...the one bound and the one crucified seem to point to a common source in the ancient pagan world. What survived from the heritage of idolatry, which in Judaism remained peripheral, grew to become dominant in the Christian world, which sought to shape and glorify the Golgotha Event in the Akedah image and likeness."

The interrelatedness of the Jewish Christian dimension in the development of the lore and legends of the sacrifice of Isaac is central to the book. Perhaps in the shadow of the Holocaust the Romanian-born professor had more than a mere scholarly interest in the connections. Today, this aspect seems less relevant than the way Islamic tradition dealt with the same story, since it is a really radical and, for Jews, totally distorted rereading. Spiegel refers to this in passing in his introduction when he observes: "For Moslem tradition the story was significant enough to cause the victim-son to be identified with Ishmael rather than Isaac." An update to this research would surely pursue the potent implications of this reading for the sake of all Abraham's troubled descendants.

THE six-volume *Junior Judaica* is based on the *Encyclopedia Judaica*, first published in 1973 by Keter. The authoritative *Judaica*, written by top scholars in each field, has been adapted and largely rewritten for young readers, offering them a general insight and understanding of their Jewish heritage.

The first junior edition was published some 20 years ago, and the third revised edition appeared fairly recently. The update includes demographic and statistical information as well as references to current events, such as the immigration from the former Soviet Union and from Ethiopia, and events in Israel and in Jewish communities worldwide.

Richly illustrated, its photographs, diagrams, maps and charts add quality and interest.

This can be a splendid bar or bat mitzva gift for English-reading youths.

Unfortunately none of the major junior encyclopedias available in Hebrew gives such good coverage of Jewish history, thought, culture and personalities. By offering a Hebrew edition of the *Junior Judaica*, Keter would be doing a great service to the cause of Jewish continuity, as this much used, and abused, expression should be understood in its Israeli context.

Raphael Posner, to whom we also owe the *Judaica* sections of the *Hebrew Junior Britannica* and of the *Keter General Encyclopedia*, also in Hebrew, can always be relied on to produce accurate and well-written articles, with his rare ability to separate the wheat from the chaff.

## Books with a Message

TIKRA LI MILEMATA (Cnli Me from Downstairs) by Lea Aini. Illustrated by Cristina Kadmon. Hakibbutz Hameuhad. 153 pp. NIS 29.

CHAMSHUSHIT (Fifth-grader) by Nurit Kirsh. Illustrated by David Kedem. Hakibbutz Hameuhad. 93 pp. NIS 29. (Teenage reading.)

JUNIOR JUDAICA. Editor-in-chief, Rabbi Dr. Raphael Posner. Revised edition 1994. Keter. Six volumes. NIS 390. \$130.

By Emilie Roi

**S**hachar is nearly 12, but his family cannot afford a bar mitzva party. His father is unemployed and his small sister needs an urgent eye operation. So the family savings will have to be used for this.

Shachar understands, yet his feelings are not guided by logic. He is frustrated and angry, and he accuses his family, especially his father. His schoolwork suffers, and so does his relationship with his girlfriend Dana. His best friend betrays him.

In Shachar's eyes, the whole world has

turned against him. But slowly he learns to put things in perspective and to appreciate true friendship and honesty. He is helped by Yuri-Uri, a recent immigrant from Russia, who has moved into his building and enrolled in the class parallel to Shachar's. Shachar realizes that there are greater problems than his own, that one has to confront problems directly, and that it helps to be able to laugh at oneself. Yuri-Uri is neither a very good pupil, nor well accepted by his classmates, but he is a true friend. And so is Dana.

In the end, Shachar also gets his bar mitzva party. Grandpa Tura lends the family money and gives Shachar a very original gift: his old bus.

The book, written in clear, straight language, teaches that money is not everything, that not all children are great pupils, nor are all parents successful. Moreover, by helping others, in this case new immigrants, one can often help oneself.

For 12-14-year-olds.

BOOKS for adolescents should perhaps not only be read, but also written and reviewed by teenagers. After all, who else can really relate to the issues that excite them, or empathize with their problems?

*Fifth-grader*, written by a young author, tells about the problems and intrigues,

small as they may seem to an adult, that occupy youngsters and cause them great excitement and emotional upheaval. The setting is middle-class, secular Tel Aviv, and nothing much happens. Noa's 15-year-old cousin Ofer comes to live with her family for six months, and 13-year-old Noa has to give up her room.

This seems like a major tragedy to her. They go to the same school, and a relationship develops between them, from a complete void to true friendship. They clarify their problems, which generally concern classmates, homework, tests, and, of course, boyfriends and girlfriends.

The only unusual happening in this book is a Geshet organization seminar, where Noa meets religious youngsters of her age for the first time. She regards them — with their "weird" customs — as if they were Hottentots. Yet after a late evening conversation with Raz, she realizes she could even end up with a religious boyfriend, at least for a while.

Minor day-to-day events like an invitation to a party, a glance from some boy, tests at school, or her hairstyle, often assume the dimensions of major crises for Noa.

The language is very simple. An average 13-year-old, writing her diary, would probably follow the same pattern.



## POETS CORNERED: 42

Edited by Dennis Silk

## JON SILKIN

DEATH OF A SON  
(who died in a mental hospital aged one)

Something has ceased to come along with me.  
Something like a person: something very like one.  
And there was no nobility in it  
Or anything like that.

Something was there like a one year  
Old house, dumb as stone. While the near buildings  
Sang like birds and laughed  
Understanding the pact

They were to have with silence. But he  
Neither sang nor laughed. He did not bless silence  
Like bread, with words.  
He did not forsake silence.

But rather, like a house in mourning  
Kept the eye turned in to watch the silence while  
The other houses like birds  
Sang around him.

And the breathing silence neither  
Moved nor was still.

I have seen stones: I have seen brick  
But this house was made up of neither bricks nor stone  
But a house of flesh and blood  
With flesh of stone

And bricks for blood. A house  
Of stones and blood in breathing silence with the other  
Birds singing crazy on its chimneys.  
But this was silence.

This was something else, this was  
Hearing and speaking though he was a house drawn  
Into silence, this was  
Something religious in his silence.

Something shining in his quiet,  
This was different, this was altogether something else:  
Though he never spoke, this  
Was something to do with death.

And then slowly the eye stopped looking  
Inward. The silence rose and became still.  
The look turned to the outer place and stopped,  
With the birds still shrieking around him.  
And as if he could speak

He turned over on his side with his one year  
Red as a wound  
He turned over as if he could be sorry for this  
And out of his eyes two great tears rolled, like stones, and  
he died.

JARAPIRI  
Sydney 1974

1 Mamu-boijunda: the spider cries  
from below ground, Boohé, raising  
life through earth.

Wanbanbiris, people of wood-gall  
Latalpa, snake, and the death-adder Waia Wala women  
blind husband-snake Jarapiri Bomba.  
Wife Jamball, lugging her sons.  
Each to the haled spider's word.  
Scorpion Garangam plunders his itching prongs.  
Our plected feet cling  
to the centipede, Jirindji.

Spider re-enters earth. Splintered  
shale his legs, excreta  
soft round stone in a heap.

2 Grass rests the two women, by whom  
fire, lapping twigs; the waterhole flares.

Graspable, Jarapiri lies, huge  
and toxic. Wanting him, they creep  
through dried grass, like mice.

Jarapiri listens  
to what is heard:  
dry grass fastens to him.

No, no, he cries. No,  
coiling himself,  
his length fanged.

3 Jarapiri Bomba, blind, created blind.

What can an eyeless snake? The eye  
attends to the dancing with voices tuned  
for life's increase. So be it. Bestirs, coils  
slithers to the dressed plain, where flesh  
supplicates. Blind, but not deaf.

Can keep step, but cannot keep place;  
trips, throws each dancer. Blind Jarapiri.

You fracture  
our dance. Quietly, we  
steal our life from you, since no entreaty  
begs you home.



Giuseppe Arcimboldo: Spring, 1572

Wives, children, praise wetting their lips, all  
evacuate the plain. Heat  
of fire shimmers the vanished feet.

Silence calls out.

I die of loneliness.

4 We grasp our journey and walk. Jukalpi  
the hare-wallaby, the egg-swollen women;  
Lice drip from the wood-gall.

Haunted by two women, Jarapiri  
will you coil and sulk? 'Old creature,  
we'll hale you by the head.' So say  
each of the sons, raising him. Jarapiri  
lifts his wife.

5 How else divine how sand-hills, and the snaking creeks,  
otherwise became? The sand plains  
'clothed with eucalypts, sphinxes  
and the desert oak.' In nakedness  
we make friends with an odd-faced land. The tale  
unfolds at a touch.

Strange nocturnals gather the air.  
The little birds shriek from their branches.

6 Foxed with beasis, the white schooner men  
unlimb our myths.  
We have no figures for this.

## THE STRAWBERRY PLANT

The rootless strawberry plant  
Moves across the soil. It hops  
Six inches. Has no single location,  
Or root.  
You cannot point to its origin,  
Or parent. It shoots out  
A pipe, and one more plant  
Consolidates its ground.  
It puts out crude petals, loosely met.  
As if the business of flowering  
Were to be got over. Their period is brief.  
Even then, the fruit is green.  
Swart, hairy. Its petals invite tearing  
And are gone quickly.  
As if they had been. The fruit swells,  
Reddens, becomes succulent.  
Propagation through the devouring  
Appetite of another.  
Is sweet, seeded, untrunculent;  
Slugs like it, all over.  
It is nubile to the lips,  
And survives even them. And teeth.  
Insane with edible fury,  
Of the loving kind.

## A DAISY

Look unoriginal  
Being numerous. They ask for attention  
With that gradated yellow swelling  
Of oily stamens. Petals focus them:  
The eye-lashes grow wide.  
Why should not one bring these to a funeral?  
And at night, like children,  
Without anxiety, their consciousness  
Shut with white petals.

Blithe, individual.

The unwearying, small sunflower  
Fills the grass  
With versions of one eye.  
A strength in the full look  
Candid, solid, glad.  
Domestic as milk.

In multitudes, wait,  
Each, to be looked at, spoken to.  
They do not wither;  
Their going, a pressure  
Of elate sympathy  
Released from you.  
Rich up to the last interval  
With minute tubes of oil, pollen;  
Utterly without scent, for the eye,  
For the eye, simply. For the mind  
And its invisible organ,  
That feeling thing.

## A BLUEBELL

Most of them in the first tryings  
Of nature, hang at angles,  
Like lamps. These though  
Look round, like young birds,  
Poised on their stems. Closer,  
In all their sweetness, malevolent. For there is  
In the closed, blue flower, gas-coloured,  
A seed-like dark green eye.  
Caraway, grained, supple,  
And watching; it is always there,  
Fibrous, alerted,  
Coarse grained enough to print  
Out all your false delight  
In 'sweet nature'. This is struggle.  
The beetle exudes rot: the bee  
Grappling the reluctant nectar  
Coy, suppurating, and unresigned.  
Buds print the human passion  
Pure now not still immersed  
In fighting wire worms.

Jon Silkin was born in London in 1930 but lives in  
Newcastle, where he edits Stand. He read recently at the  
International Poets' Festival in Jerusalem.  
Among his books: The Peaceable Kingdom, Nature  
with Man, The Principle of Water, The Little Time-  
Keeper, The Ship's Pasture and The Lens-Breakers.  
He has written extensively on the poetry of the First  
World War, and has been a principal representative of  
the great Anglo-Jewish poet Isaac Rosenberg.

Weekend supplements on Friday

Funnies on Sunday

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SO,

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☐ Other (Specify) \_\_\_\_\_

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# A Real Smoothy

Introducing a new dessert that's as easy to make  
as it is exciting to eat ... rice pudding?

By Faye Levy

**W**hen I was researching the desserts of France, I found that rice pudding is loved throughout that country. From Provence to Burgundy to Normandy. Some cooks use a time-honored technique that involves baking the rice with milk and butter for three hours. A classic French restaurant formula calls for cooking the rice in milk for an hour, then adding egg yolks, folding in whipped egg whites, and finally baking the mixture in a caramel-coated gratin dish for another hour.

Many of us love this soothing sweet, but we are just too busy to make it, because it's so time-consuming.

In my home, rice pudding has always been the ultimate comfort food. I decided to devise a quick, low-fat way to prepare it so my family could enjoy it often.

My goal was to make rice pudding in less than 30 minutes. First I took advantage of a tip I learned in Paris from a professional chef. He boiled the rice for three minutes in water before cooking it in milk, thus shortening its cooking time considerably. I took this idea further by blanching the rice in water a few minutes longer until it was half cooked, and then simmered it in milk. The total cooking time was under 25 minutes.

The next challenge was to prepare a delicious rice pudding without any fat. To achieve a creamy consistency, I opted for short grain rice, the type used for risotto. Even when I used nonfat milk and no butter, cream or eggs, this variety of rice still produced a luscious rice pudding.

To flavor my rice puddings, I like to add a vanilla bean or a cinnamon stick to the simmering milk, or to stir vanilla extract or grated orange or lemon rind into the cooked pudding. When I lived in France, I used to add candied fruit, but now I prefer dried fruit: golden or dark raisins, or dried cherries, blueberries or cranberries. Adding the fruit to the still-hot rice mixture makes it plump and tender.

A traditional French presentation is to layer rice pudding on a platter and decorate it with poached fruit. Fresh fruit or berry sauce also make perfect toppings. Still, as a snack or dessert, the most simple, homey way of serving rice pudding is perhaps the most appealing - sprinkling it with cinnamon.

## FAT-FREE RICE PUDDING

Rice pudding is a convenient dessert to make because most of us have the ingredients on hand. Be sure to use a heavy saucepan and to stir the rice often as it cooks in the milk to prevent it from scorching. Choose a large saucepan so the milk will not boil over.

3/4 cup rice, preferably risotto rice or other short-grained rice  
3 cups nonfat or 1% milk  
pinch of salt  
4 1/2 Tbsp. sugar  
1/4 cup raisins  
1 1/2 tsp. vanilla extract  
cinnamon for sprinkling (optional)

Bring 6 cups of water to a boil in a heavy, large saucepan and add rice. Boil uncovered 7 minutes; drain well.

Bring milk to a boil in same saucepan over medium-high heat, stirring occasionally. Add rice and salt. Cook uncovered over medium-low heat, stirring often, about 15 minutes or until rice is very soft and absorbs most of milk. Rice should look creamy, not soupy and not dry. When rice is cooked, stir in sugar. Cook 1 minute, stirring. Remove from heat and stir in raisins and vanilla. Serve warm, sprinkled with cinnamon.

Makes 4 servings.

## BLACK AND WHITE RICE PUDDING

In this rich baked pudding, a chocolate-flavored rice layer is topped by a white rice layer studded with pecans and raisins. Walnuts can be substituted for the pecans and grated orange zest for the lemon zest.

3/4 cup medium-grain rice  
3 cups milk  
pinch of salt  
1/2 cup whipping cream  
6 Tbsp. sugar  
50 gr. unsalted butter, room temperature  
3 eggs, separated, room temperature  
1 1/2 tsp. grated lemon zest  
1/3 cup dark raisins  
1/3 cup coarsely chopped pecans  
120 gr. bittersweet chocolate, chopped

Bring 6 cups of water to a boil in a large saucepan. Add rice and boil 3 minutes. Drain well.

Bring milk to a simmer in a large heavy saucepan. Add rice and salt. Cook over low heat, stirring often, about 40 minutes or until rice absorbs milk.

Preheat oven to 175°C. Generously butter a deep 8-cup baking dish.

Add cream to rice and cook, stirring often, about 2 minutes or until rice absorbs cream.

Add 1/4 cup sugar and stir over low heat until dissolved. Remove from heat, add butter and stir until absorbed. Cool 5 minutes.

Stir in egg yolks and grated lemon zest. Spoon 2 cups of mixture into another bowl and stir in raisins and pecans.

Melt chocolate in a medium bowl over a pan of hot water set over low heat. Stir until smooth and cool slightly. Stir into plain rice mixture until blended.

Whip egg whites in a large bowl to soft peaks.

Gradually beat in remaining 2 Tbsp. sugar and whip at high speed until whites are stiff and shiny but not dry.

Spoon half the whites onto raisin-rice mixture and remaining whites onto chocolate mixture.

Fold whites into each mixture lightly but quickly.

Transfer chocolate mixture to prepared dish and spread smooth.

Very carefully, top with raisin-rice mixture by spoonfuls; do not add too much mixture at a time so it will not sink into chocolate layer.

Bake about 45 minutes or until set and top is browned. Serve hot or warm.

Makes 6 servings.

## FRENCH RICE PUDDING WITH FRESH FRUIT

For this dessert, the creamy rice is sweetened and flavored with citrus zests and vanilla.

Next it is topped with fresh fruit in season. In spring, it's lovely topped with strawberries.

1/2 cup rice, preferably risotto rice or other short-grained rice  
2 1/4 cups milk  
pinch of salt  
1/4 cup sugar  
zest of 1 lemon  
zest of 1 orange  
3 Tbsp. chopped candied fruit or golden raisins (optional)  
1 tsp. vanilla extract  
2 Tbsp. (30 gr.) unsalted butter  
3 cups sliced bananas or orange segments

Bring 4 cups of water to a boil in a heavy saucepan and add rice. Boil 7 minutes; drain well.

Bring milk to a boil in same saucepan. Add rice and salt. Cook uncovered over medium-low heat, stirring often, about 15 minutes or until rice is very soft and absorbs milk. If rice absorbs milk before becoming soft, gradually add a few more tablespoons milk and continue to cook.

When rice is cooked, stir in sugar. Grate in lemon and orange zests. Cook over low heat for 1 minute, stirring. Remove from heat and stir in candied fruit, vanilla and butter. Spread mixture in a round base about a centimeter high on a round platter.

Cover and refrigerate 1 hour or until ready to serve. Serve with fruit.

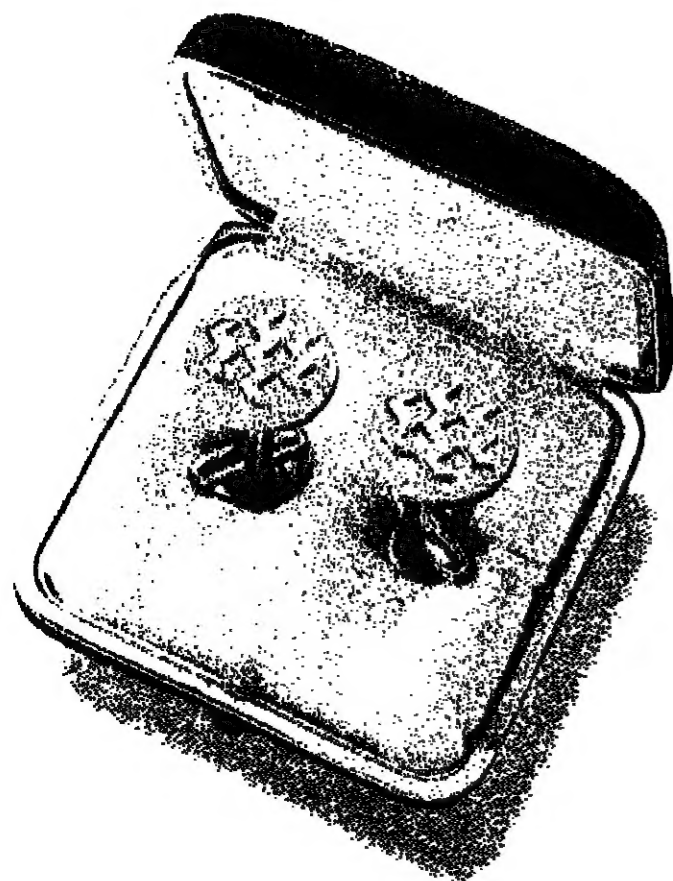
Makes 4 servings.

Faye Levy is the author of Dessert Sensations: Fresh from France (Dutton).

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# A Slight Derailment

'We are the lost patrol.' (Legionnaire to Dietrich in Morocco)

By Alex Berlyne

Even Gene Fowler, one of the legendary breed of newsmen who inspired Hecht and MacArthur's *The Front Page*, frequently felt matters were getting out of hand. "Sometimes when I look at a thing I've written," he told a colleague, "I get the feeling that I must have gone out of the room and left the typewriter running."

His battered old Remington was primitive, of course, in comparison to the computers that were to replace them. When one of these electronic toys screws up, the results can be so truly spectacular that I suspect Fowler would be speechless with admiration.

Some years ago, for example, I clipped an item from *The Saturday Review* that said in its entirety: "We apologize profusely to all our patrons who received, through unfortunate computer error, the chest-measurements of members of the Female Wrestlers Association instead of the figures on sales of soybeans to foreign countries."

REGULAR READERS of this column, who are only too familiar with the feeling that it has suddenly changed direction and been shunted onto a branch-line, must have recognized by now that it suffers from Fowler's Syndrome rather than Acute Computer Error. Reading the next few paragraphs, for example, it would be reasonable to assume that this week's sermon would be on the 50th anniversary of VE Day - and so most of it was, before the column got derailed.

There's a perfectly reasonable explanation for all this, as the suspect says in the movies. You see, my fashionably grungey appearance is mainly due to the fact that the dresser-drawers which should house my shirts and so forth are now packed with a collection of *Picture Post* magazines dating back to the Forties that E.P. Vardy, my room-mate, once swapped for her father's Edinburgh *Stereoscopic Atlas of Anatomy*.

Some time before the recent 50th anniversary celebration of VE Day, I waded through the wartime issues to find an item that I vaguely remembered might come in useful. To my surprise, buried among them was my precious copy of "If the Invader Comes" and, more to the point, a long-lost file - dating from the early 1980s - of readers' contributions to the Name Game.

Perhaps I should explain that in those dear, dead days beyond recall this column used to serve as a clearing house for superannuated trivia of all kinds (all right! I'll ignore that remark) and the most popular category was aptonyms, or wildly appropriate names. Every week, shoals of letters would arrive bringing tidings of, say, Dr. Blind, the Tel Aviv ophthalmologist, Mr. Golbetter, the donor of a bed at Alyn Hospital, or Alex Dansky, who made ballet allspers for the Bat Dor company.

As E.P. Vardy tends to observe rather pointedly, small things amuse small minds.

I HOPE to get back to the subject of the readers' letters eventually but first, simply because of its topicality, I would like to deal with the "Invader" leaflet issued in June 1940 by the Ministry of Information. Like its owner it has become so fragile that pieces have fallen off and, moreover, the advice it gives is frequently of dubious value.



order... If you keep your heads you can tell whether a military officer is British or only pretending to be so." You can see what they were getting at. Any officer who clicked his heels or barked "Das Spucken aus dem Fenster ist verboten!" should be asked a few artless questions such as "What school did you say you went to, old bean?"

Section IV, which seems to have been written by Evelyn Waugh's Ambrose Silk at the Min of Inf - or at least by someone who was so unworried that he had never heard that smooth, suave movie-villain Douglas Dumbrille hiss "Ve haff vays of making men talk" - warns sternly against telling the Germans anything that may be of assistance to them.

YOU CAN practically taste this curious combination of bravery and dotiness, so typical of Britain "going it alone," should you chance to visit the War Cabinet's HQ deep under Whitehall; everything is terrifyingly, and somehow touchingly, amateurish - from the Salvation Army furniture to the dog-eared school exercise-books and the wall-maps shakily drawn in colored crayon.

This mixture is just as easily discernible in the readers' letters page of *Picture Post*, which is replete with helpful advice on what to do "If the Invader Comes." G.K. Kenton of Blackburn, for example, was a staunch advocate of psychological warfare. "The Nazis have been so drilled and regimented that they respond automatically to authoritative commands and prohibitions," Kenton pointed out. "Would it not, therefore, be possible, in the event of an invasion, to plaster the countryside with notices in German, saying 'Forbidden to go along this road?'" Norman Hopper of Watford was rather more devious, advising those of his countrymen who had the misfortune to be

interrogated by German paratroopers not to maintain a stubborn silence but, instead, to "give lucid instructions which will lead the invader unerringly to the nearest police station."

It only remained for W.E. Walker of Sevenoaks, whose diet must have included lots of fish and other brain foods, to outline a ruse to outwit the German forces that was, like all great inventions, as simple as it was brilliant - and, moreover, anticipated the modern fashion of twinning cities. "All civilians in, say, Coventry," he suggested, "if met by a parachutist and asked the name of the town would at once reply 'this is Bristol.'"

Could this have been the origin, do you think, of the plural "Bristol Cities" in Cockney rhyming-slang, a rather rude reference to a lady's embonpoint?

IT'S A great pity that none of these elaborate deceptions was, in fact, necessary. In the first place, the German forces were supplied with excellent maps and the Luftwaffe's reconnaissance photographs were so detailed that only a few weeks ago one was produced at a hearing of the North Yorks County Council to prove that a public footpath at Malton, blocked three years ago, was certainly in use as long ago as the Forties.

Private Pikes as well as Corporal Joneses, the main difference being that while the old sweats could easily find their way from Dongola to Omdurman or from Mons to Saint-Quentin, I was often hopelessly lost in what was practically my own backyard. Worse, asking for directions usually produced good-natured if hopelessly incomprehensible replies about keeping "straight on past Boggart Hole Clough until you get to Besses o' the Barn. You can't miss it."

YOU CAN gauge the extent of the problem from an embarrassing incident involving the 19.10 British Rail service from Cardiff to Birmingham on March 24. They'd had to send a relief driver to take over, British Rail admitted, because the duty driver had got lost seven miles from New Street station.

There is, of course, one honorable exception to the rule that at any given moment half the population of the British Isles is hopelessly lost because they have followed directions given by the other half. The only people, in fact, who seem to know where everything is work for the Royal Mail - and I have an envelope to prove it. The stamp was nicked long ago by some light-fingered philatelist but you can still read the typed address, perversely composed in, er, verse by my old - and dearly missed - friend Louis Allen, may his memory be for a blessing.

All you need to know to understand his doggerel is that long before I moved into the house the Jersey Lily, Judge Roy Bean's magnificent obsession, used to entertain the future King Edward VII there: where Lillie Langtry once held court the family BERLYNE now doth sport they swing not on the chandelier but none the less they do live 'ere and if you ask where's this abode well let's be frank, it's LILLIE ROAD the number, simply, SIXTY-TWO the district FULHAM (as you know) and if you want to know the rest the city's LONDON (as you guessed). Apart from the area code "S.W.6" inconspicuously scrawled on it in pencil by the scribe, the letter was delivered without comment.

ONLY THE most observant reader would have felt the column rattling over the points as it changed direction and returned, via Coventry, Bristol, Cardiff and Birmingham, to the main line.

Mainly because the Name Game was turning the column into a sort of telephone directory, I announced on April 4, 1983 - a day that will live in infamy - that I was going to suspend it for a while adding, in what sounded like a fit of hubris, that I felt the space ought to be devoted to subjects worthy of handing down to posterity. These, as you may recall, included the Jerusalem coffin-maker who did tattooing as a sideline; the voyage of Darwin's bagel; the translation of the Bible into Aana, a language spoken in Burma and Manipur; and horrifying revelations about Murder Ink, Mea She'arim's ruthless gang of mezuza scribes.

I always meant to get back to the Name Game, Honest!, but kept putting it off until the shock of discovering the Lost File - and the resulting load of guilt and embarrassment - provided the incentive to renew it. To be perfectly frank, the file is not exactly a treasure trove. In fact, many of the double entendres cent in by readers are peaniful in the extreme but, mark my words, some of the more sterling efforts will be published in the very next column.

WITH PREJUDICE